



ADULTS ONLY!

the man's home companion!

a word from ADAM

AS FAMED human-problem specialist Hannah Lee has more than once pointed out, sex is not in itself a reverent thing, let the bluestones say what they will. It can be funny, it can be fun, it can be exciting, it can be dangerous, it can be tragic, it can be beautiful. But never, never reverent. It's simply too human for that.

In dealing with the all-important human equation, ADAM, as usual, seeks to present its every conceivable aspect. Funny?—try Ronald Sturgess's "Sex in Space". Fun?—you'll get a chuckle out of Earle Schell's "The Happiest Love". Exciting?—take George H. Smith's "The Coming of the Reds". Dangerous or tragic?—you can take your pick of Clem Harlan's "The Bird and the Sosuke" or Connie Sellek's "Save Me Your Boots". As for beauty, well, the girls are there in all their loveliness. And if you want a vacation from the subject entirely, you'll find fascination in Nat McKelvey's "Saga of the Loaded Lawyer", an all-too-loaded story. So, ADAM is loaded for just about everybody.



Exclusive story on the world's greatest brauner designer see page 20

Adam

MONTHLY

VOL. 3 NO. 11



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Velvety Lynn Hayward reveals her secret
for keeping him . . . see page 28

Sisk felt the bones crush under his hand as he drove the splinters into Johnny's brain





"The evil that men do lives after them—
the good is oft interred with their bones"

the Bird and the Snake

by CLEM MANLON

IN ALL POLISH men is two kinds animals," Sophy Sienkiewicz said, "is bird and is snake."

The old woman took another noisy drink of coffee clotted with softened bread which she held in a bowl between her huge hands. She appeared to be satisfied with her statement, appeared to have finished with talk. Her son knew better.

Jeremy Sienkiewicz kept his head low over his plate; his massive skull balanced like a cannon ball on the great boulder of his back. He chewed carefully, cracking the thigh bone of a chicken between his jaws as if it were a wheat straw and he split out the splinters with a quiet and respectful "ptoo!"

"Is also with women," Sophy added at last. She sighed. At this sound her son looked up because he knew she was coming to the nut of her argument. His small, perfectly round eyes, bedded deep in the hard meat of his face, met the eyes of his mother. When they looked at each other this way, the resemblance between them was so close as to bring with it a stir of self-recognition. That, and love.

"If snake is killing bird, is only left dith and rotten. If bird kill snake, is woman good only for man, not for man. Must be both together equal."

"Soph," her son said, "what's that got to do with Wanda Markowa?"

The old woman took another drink of her coffee. And when she resumed speaking, the somewhat lofty, moaning tone in her voice had given away to a pleasant gruffness. "Did you bought her a ring?"

"I been looking."

"But you give her something?"

"Not yet!"

— turn the page

She grunted. "So, when?"

"Seph, get off my back." He growled. He rarely did this with his mother and she was surprised. Still, as an old country woman when a man growled, she shut her mouth.

They finished dinner in silence, he lit a cigarette and went to his bedroom. He took a short barrelled 30 police special from his drawer, spun the cylinder and prodded the gun into the holster of his waist band. The gun looked ridiculous, ineffectual against the bulk of his flesh. He had never learned to shoot it well and in fact, only drew it in the presence of other officers on routine arrests. When he was by himself he just used his fists.

Sophy had the table cleared when he came out. She came over to him and pulled the handkerchief into a knot at his breast pocket. "Jeremy," she asked, a little hesitant now, "where you got to do tonight? You got to see that Yankowski?"

"No," he lied. "Nothing. Just the routine. I got to book a man down at headquarters — paper work. I'll be back at eight in the morning. Go to sleep."

"Yankowski is a big man now — sooner or later." She faltered and

resumed again. "A rotten man. I sat near him in the church and from four rows away I could smell it rotten like a fish made. There should be a law to keep him out of the church."

Her son laughed. "All right. I'll see the commissioner. Now go to sleep."

"You don't got to do with Yankowski," she pressed.

"Ma—"

"All right." She kissed him and closed the door.

AS THE SHINE warmed up, he sat for a moment and looked at the quiet, old street. Old houses with high wooden fronts, an old Polish neighborhood. On Monday night it was quieter than usual. Many good men, fathers like his dead father, and their sons, some of them with families of their own, lived in these houses. On Saturday night they drank whisky. On Sunday they tapered off with beer. On Monday night they slept penitentially beside their wives.

Yankowski, he remembered, used to live in one of these houses. Not so long ago, ten years', twelve years? Before he became "Johnny Turk." Before he got "smart."

Jeremy, or, as they called him on the force, Slink, remembered the day Jim Yankowski left the neighborhood. Slink was still a rookie then.

"You got to wise up," Slink, move, get with it. You got to stop breathing this old-Polack act," Yankowski said. "Don't get me wrong, we're great people, ain't we? The greatest on Earth. The toughest. Nobody can fight like a Polish. But there's a whole world to play in. Get with it, man."

The way Jim had said it, it was like saying, "there's a whole world for the taking." Slink remembered that now. His frown deepened.

He remembered much earlier when they were kids, the slim, dark-haired Yankowski as a youth, darling, wry, cool-like. He remembered the time Yankowski led him into a cellar where six young boys stood drooping, embarrassed, in the shadows and a slim, blushing woman in her early thirties lay naked on a box spring. She was swearing at the boys. "How long do I got to wait, hub? Come on. You chicken?" Then she stopped when the bulky Sienkiewicz came in. "Thank God for a live one," she gloated, and she reached for him.

Shocked, frightened, almost bursting with his young boy's lust, he took her, took her well the way a man would. But when it was over and when he was outside in the sunlight again he felt his veins raw. He went to reproach Yankowski for the shame he felt, the smallness, the sense of loss. He wanted to hate Yankowski but his guilt wouldn't let him and he hated him all the more for that. Yankowski was exultant.

"I know you'd do it kid. How'd you like that, hub? Ain't that something I promised that I, Jim Yankowski. That's Lena Mackowa, her husband works by the railroad. We got to her one night a couple months ago, four of us. We had a bottle. She was home alone like always. She lets us in because she thought we was just kids. Hub! So afterwards we told her if she tells her husband he'd kill her and it would disgrace her daughter forever. And he would of killed her. So from then on it's easy. Any time, so long he ain't home. Now we got her trained she can't do without it. One night down here there was ten of us. Ten? How d'ya like —?"

Slink swung on him then, roundhouse. Almost before the young Yankowski hit the ground a knife appeared in his lean fingers. But it stopped there. They looked at each other for a long time and with that

— turn to page 58

Almanac



"You all know that game where you try to pin the tail on the donkey. Well, this is a slightly new version!"



beach happy cover girl



Legend is the word for Terry, as these photos delightfully reveal. According to cameraman Ron Vogel, she's the most relaxed model he ever shot.

Blonde, green-eyed Terry Higgins is Hollywood's most lackadaisical lady



IF FATE REHABES with its usual wilful caprice, then the green-eyed blonde with the sensational feet and figure on display in these pages will be the next Monroe-Mansfield-Bardot of the film industry. The reason for such a supposition, apart from the tremendous physical assets here shown, is somewhat less obvious. It lies in the fact that Terry Higgins simply doesn't give a damn.

Most young women intent upon a Hollywood career put in 20 hours a day, nine days a week, fostering, promoting and seeking training for their film futures. But not the curvaceous Higgins lass. Like Ferdinand the Bull, she just likes to sit around, though in the sun rather than the shade, and doesn't even care whether or not she has a flower to stuff while sitting.

Seays her mother, "Terry is an odd one, make no mistake about that."

Seays Terry, "Why should I knock myself out for a lot of things that don't interest me when I already have everything I want at the moment?"

On appearance alone, Terry is already a multi-millionaire as such items are appraised in Hollywood. Just barely of legal age, she stands five feet four inches, weighs 116 between meals and tapers fabulously at 41-25-34. Her hair is silver-blond, her eyes of a light, light blue-green, her face as provocatively cute as her incredible figure. Her natural coloring must be seen to be believed.

Terry has traveled a great deal more than most girls her age, and has acquired a "so-what?" sophistication from her varied background. Her father is a high-ranking command pilot in the Air Force, and Terry, although born, prosaically enough in a small Iowa town, has since lived in England, in Spain, in Germany and in Okinawa, along with somewhat sketchy Swissdays stands.

"I was brought up everywhere," she says. As for the films-TV-modeling career for which her





Indoors or out, what Terry likes most is a place to stretch out and take it easy.

effulgent beauties so eminently fit her, Terry says simply, "Who wants that? It's too much like work."

Getting to interview Terry is, to put it mildly, a problem. Where most Hollywood girls value free publicity almost more than they value their right arms, with Terry, it's the other way around. She would probably sacrifice hers steadily to avoid the laborious necessity of having to remember things about herself for the writer involved.

However, as the photos reveal, the game is very, very much worth the candle. In fact, Terry Higgins is just about the hottest new model-property to hit the Hollywoods since June Wilkinson and her 43-inch bosom popped up there 18 or so months ago. Let's face it, the girl is marvelously photogenic, from the bottoms of her size-4 feet to the top of her tousled blonde head.

Since it is this rare genre for photographing provocatively that is the basis of picture stardom, it seems probable that somebody connected with movie production is bound to see and be bowled over by Terry almost any minute. Then, ambition or no, this lackadaisical charmer is going to be appearing in front of the cameras for a director and making more money than most working stiffs see in a lifetime.

In keeping with her languid temperament, Terry is no sportswoman. She says, "I like to swim, and when we were in England I did some horseback riding and paragliding. But nothing important like riding to hounds or performing in shows. That would have been too much work."

As for show-business, save for a very few posing assignments such as shown on these pages, her experience is zero to date. "I had a chance to be a showgirl in Las Vegas last year," she admits, "but I turned it down. I didn't like the idea of those gaudy late hours. Besides, I don't need the money."

According to her mother, Terry neither smokes nor drinks and, at the moment, has virtually no emotional interest in any man or men. Terry shrugs off this seeming passivity with, "One of these days, I suppose I'll fall in love. Until it happens, however, I'd just rather coast along and take things easy."

With that face and figure, such a state of affairs would seem to border on the criminal. But, as her mother says, "Terry is an odd one."

She does little or no reading, and eats like a horse. "I'm omnivorous," she says. "I'll eat anything." She has a pleasant, if untrained contralto voice, and here again, as in food, her tastes are catholic. "I like all kinds of music," she admits.

Says her mother, "If she'd only work at her voice, I've been told she'd be a good singer. But Terry and work just don't mix."

So here she is, the most provocative girl in Hollywood, almost devoid of ambition. It certainly represents a challenge.







WHEN THE Armed Forces of the United States Government recently made their preliminary selections for the first humans to be sent into space, they chose seven veteran fliers from all of the Armed Services except the Coast Guard.

However, the omission of the Coast Guard while America and a waiting world stands upon the threshold of space was not the most remarkable element (or missing element) in these "wild selections." This magazine has no doubt to part with the character, flight abilities or personal lives of the lucky (?) seven. Our point is, what about dames?

The business of women and sex in space has long been something of a problem for conscientious science fiction writers. While accustomed to taking the problems of time-travel and interstellar flight in their stride, the insistence of actual space flight

has given them pause where putting a broad-shouldered man in orbit is concerned. Usually, they solve the problem by making her a stowaway—or by preceding the U.S. Government by omitting the girls altogether until the intrepid specimen get to Venus or Mars or Mercury or wherever they are going.

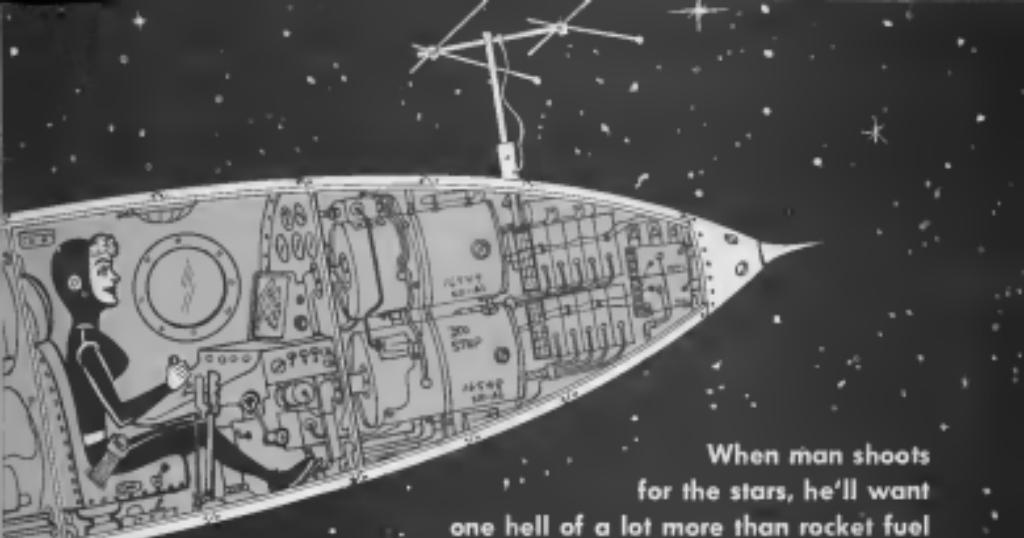
So how come, both in fiction and in fact, the girls are left out of space flight? Well, women have never flown American fighter planes in combat. Somehow, in an era that finds girls working in factories, barber shops, saloons and gambling dens, the Air Departments of our Armed Services have remained bulldoggedly old fashioned when it comes to keeping the little woman in the home, or at the most advanced behind a desk or filing cabinet.

Yet, it is just conceivable that, under some highly plausible conditions, the bogs up there in orbit, or

drifting around the Moon, or shooting for Mars or Venus, might find themselves in need of feminine company. On the other hand, there are reasons for dispensing with females in space, at least for some little time to come.

In the first place, the pioneer spaceships promise to be pretty crowded and restricted affairs—so much so that about all a man and woman could do within them is to exchange and occasional, frustrated, "Air kiss." You may recall the circumstances under which two monkeys, far smaller than even the smallest African pygmy, were sent on a preliminary space run last May.

These two tiny creatures were sealed off in separate compartments, a setup which would have made even normal sex impossible between them (no would the fact that both of them were females). Then, too, the wee ones had no room to test devices si-



When man shoots
for the stars, he'll want
one hell of a lot more than rocket fuel

Sex In Space

by RONALD STURGEON

tured to them that they could hardly move. The heavier the monkeys, a 17 pounder to begin with, weighed something like 28 pounds with all of her attachments in place. Presumably, pioneer human space-folk will be even more heavily laden.

A somewhat more intimate problem, even when space-ships grow larger and more comfortable, was best expressed by General Carl Spaatz, former World War TwoAAF four-star and USAF Chief of Staff Way back in 1949. Spaatz and an assistar companion took off in a small cabin plane and, through primitive refueling techniques, were able to remain aloft for over two weeks, thus breaking the then-existing record for staying off terra firma.

Upon landing, Captain Spaatz was asked by a radio-reporter what it felt like to remain up in the air for so long. Said he, "Well, it's like asking a friend to stay in the bathroom

with you for two weeks."

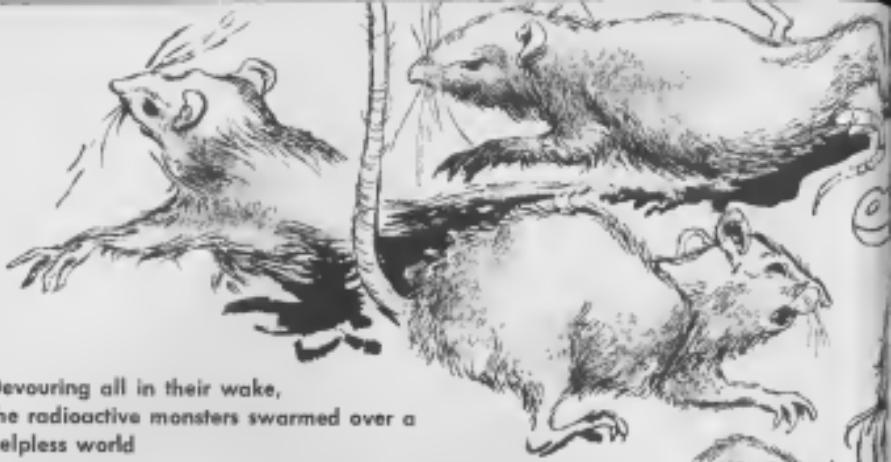
In short, that seems like a fairly clear preview of what pioneer space flight is going to be like. No matter how delicate and involved the instruments that get the ship aloft, keep it there and bring it down safely, sanitary conditions are going to be so crowded as to be primitive. Probably, nothing quite like them will have been inflicted on humans since it came out of the caves.

Even the most domesticated of wives or mistresses is going to grow tired of both idle and companion under such conditions. Especially when the length of near-future space flights are taken into consideration. Escape velocity from the Earth's field of gravity is 3 1/2 miles per second. If that sounds easy, it translates into 136 thousand miles per hour!

Yet, against the distances of even near planetary space, it adds up to appallingly long journeys. A mere

peint around the Moon at such speed will take up most of 48 hours. As for the time a round trip to Venus (approximately 26,000,000 miles) or Mars (38,000,000 and up) would take — get out your pencil and do your own math. But you'll be up there a long, long time. A flight to the chill regions of Jupiter would take years, one to the moons of Saturn much longer.

So how are the boys (and girls) going to get their sex in space in the coming age of pioneer interplanetary travel? Somebody is going to have to come up with a power system or a space station that will make larger, more comfortable ships possible by counteracting the force of Earth's gravity. Somebody probably will, or we're never going to get started on prints around the Solar System. It's a sure bet the boys won't take it forever without their beards, women or wives! ☐



Devouring all in their wake,
the radioactive monsters swarmed over a
helpless world

the coming of the rats

by GEORGE H. SMITH

TWO WEEKS AGO the big blowup I stood outside my cave and watched old man Johnson rattle up in the asthmatic Ford truck and climb out with his foxy-grandpa face set in a look of determined jollity. He was one of the few survivors I had seen and I wondered at Providence's mistake in letting him live.

"Got some canned goods I want to sell," he said. "Went into Braxton last night. Ain't nobody alive there so's I figure salvage is salvage."

"Some people might call it looting," I said, checking the cans with my ginger counter and finding them fairly clean.

"Who you figure to win the war?" he asked.

"I figure whoever's going to win has already won."

"Don't seem like it would be over so soon," he said.

"Don't seem to me like there's many people left on either side to fight," I said. "How much you want for the canned goods?"

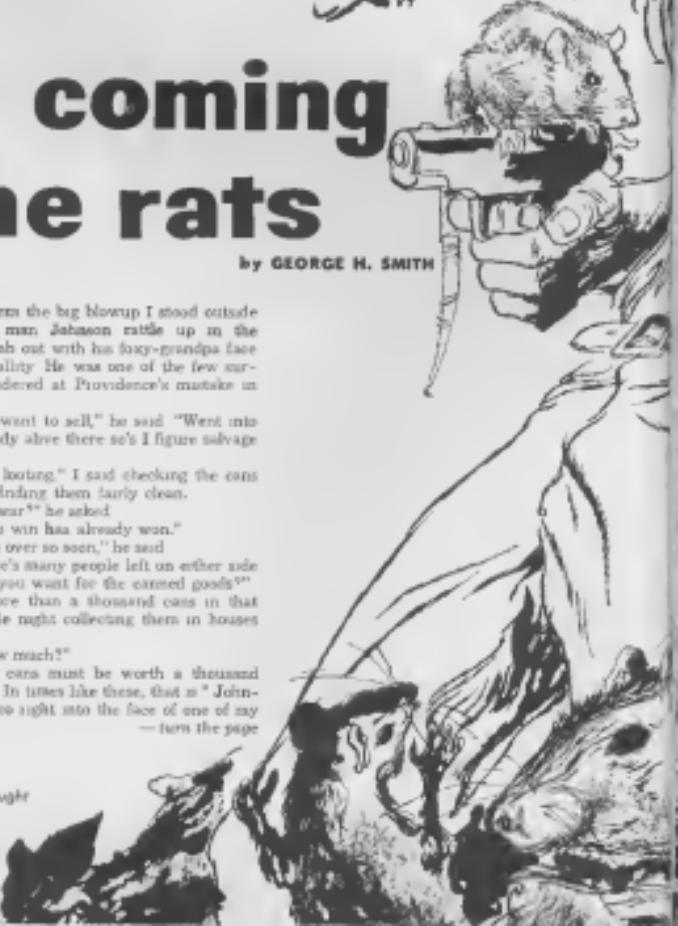
"Why, I reckon there's more than a thousand cans in that there truck I spent the whole night collecting them in houses and stores and things."

"Yeah, a thousand cans. How much?"

"Well, now, I figure them cans must be worth a thousand dollars. A dollar each, that is. In times like these, that is." Johnson spit a huge wad of tobacco right into the face of one of my

— turn the page

Backed against the wall, we fought
against overwhelming odds





dogs, who had been sniffing about his feet. The dog retreated with a hurt look in his eyes.

"You know," I said, trying to keep from laying violent hands on him, "the thing I like about you is that you're such a damn fine human being."

"Ain't no time to be human no more. A man's got to look after himself and himself alone these days. That's what's wrong with you. You got a cave full of stray dogs and those other little animals—what you call 'em, ferrets—that you brought up from the city with you. All of 'em eating food you ought to be saving for yourself and your woman. Ain't no time to be human no more. I want a thousand dollars for them cans."

I almost laughed in his face, but managed to turn it into a frown. "That's a lot of money," I said.

"That's a lot of food. A lot of food, these days."

"Okay, okay." I handed him the money. Nine and crap and green just as I had get them out of the bank when I knew the blowup was coming, one thousand pieces of worthless paper.

He helped me unload the cans and

carry them back into the supply chamber of the cave then he set off in his old truck still grinning, thinking what a big shot we profiler he was. I gunned too over a guy who thought money was worth anything anymore.

While I was taking in the rest of the food I noticed a big rat sitting on a nearby rock eyeing me. A shiver of unreasoning fear suddenly shot up and down my spine. I had been seeing a lot of rats around the last week or so and it bothered me.

Barbara Malone came out of the cave. Before the ICBMs hit, she had been my secretary. She was also the best thing I had managed to save out of a world gone to hell.

Even in the old house dress she wore, her skin, tantalizing curves whispered a delightful invitation. The shyness of that figure was beginning to bother me though I had been hoping that by now we would be on the way to repopulating the world.

"I'm all out of lipstick." She said意味深长.

"I'm sorry, sweets, but I can't imagine where we'll find any more."

"Well... I'll just have to get along without it."

I put my arms around her and

pressed my lips against hers. "I think your mouth tastes even better without it."

My caresses grew more ardent.

"Please, darling, not right now." She pulled away and walked back into the cave. For a moment I stood watching the gentle sway of her hips and then I followed her.

"Barb, honey, what's the matter?"

"I... it's just that... well... what's the use of sex? If we're right, and we're among the few people left alive, why go on with this nonsense of trying to survive and start over?"

I looked at the girl in puzzlement. During the time she had helped me move all the supplies and as we tended the cave, and during the actual four weeks of the war she had been the best of companions. It was only during the last few days that she had become moody and unresponsive to my plans for the future.

"What is it? I can't understand what's wrong." I said. "I thought you loved me."

"I do love you... I love you very much but the thought of bringing children into what's left of the world is... just too much."

I suppose I should have expected this sort of thing but I thought that I knew how to take care of it. In the weeks we had been there I had learned just how responsive the girl was to my lovemaking.

"Can't you see, darling, there isn't any point in our surviving if we don't follow through and try to start things over again." I put my arms around her and pulled her first, full-breasted body against mine.

"It just... it..." Then my lips were on hers silencing her protests. My hands were moving over her body unbuttoning the house dress fumbling with the catch of her bra. My lips were moving down her neck and over her shoulders and pressing against the suddenly engorged nipples of her nipples.

"Oh... darling... darling... please..." she moaned as I picked her up and carried her toward our bunk.

She lay there next to me the following morning with her blonde head on my bare shoulder. "I didn't mean... I didn't mean any of the things I said yesterday afternoon." She said. "I know you're right... I know it every time you take me in your arms. It's just when you don't do it often enough, I worry and feel that there isn't any use."

"Then I'll have to see that you don't get much time for that sort of thing." I said moving my hands over her body again.

After



"Upstairs we serve King Henry's favorite dish —

THAT AFTERNOON I saw another rat down by the stream. He was the biggest rat I'd ever seen in my life. A big grizzled old veteran with a very wise but very evil face. He stood nosing around my foot prints and the sight of him sent chills through my veins. The next morning I was looking out through the open door of the cave, toward a little hill nearby and a rat was sitting on top of it looking back at me. My blood turned very cold and I was very glad I'd had the foresight to buy two dozen ferrets before leaving the city, and had been befriending every stray dog that came by the cave.

For four months we didn't see anyone in our valley except old man Johnson. He brought us two more loads of food and put the price up twice. I was beginning to wonder, how much longer this could go on because the man had begun to develop all the signs of radiation poisoning.

I didn't say anything to him about it, however, because I wanted every scrap of food I could get.

The rats worried me more than radiation or the threat of starvation though. That was why I went on adopting every stray dog that came in search of food and spent so much time tending the two dozen little creatures that lived in cages in the supply cave behind our living quarters.

"Why do you spend so much time with those filthy things?" Barbara asked.

"These aren't 'filthy things'. These are the most important little animals in our world. I know we would have trouble with rats, that's why I brought them along."

"They're filthy. Just look at their cages."

I grinned at her. "Whatever happens to the human race the rats will survive. Rats always survive."

"I don't understand."

"Ferrets are pound for pound among the most ferocious fighters in the world. They are trained from birth to kill rats."

THE NEXT DAY I found several hundred rats in the pasture when I went to bring the sheep and cattle down closer to our cave. The same gray bearded veteran I had seen before was with them.

"They're coming," I told Barbara. "I know they would. They're coming from the sewers and from down deep under the foundations of the cities where they were safe from the bombs. They've finally eaten everything that was left there and now they're moving out into the country-

sides and up into the mountains.

Every day we killed more and more rats. In the pasture, down by the stream, and even among the rocks at the very entrance to our cave.

For three weeks we worked at digging three deep trenches around the mouth of the cave. I diverted water from the stream into the first one. I poured all the gasoline I had into the second one and in the third I placed the cages containing most of the ferrets with the doors open.

"WHAT'S THAT MOVING UP THERE BY THAT BIG TREE?" Barbara asked one morning. "It looks like the whole pasture is moving."

I looked and knew. It was rats, thousands, hundreds of thousands of them, moving across the valley.

"Hurry!" I yelled. "We've got to drive the sheep and cattle into the supply cave!"

When we were safely in the cave after a hectic half-hour, I locked the heavy wooden door and piled our furniture in front of the rear cave to form a barricade. I had set my two shotguns with a hundred rounds apiece, the hand grenades, and the Very pistols I had brought at the same time as the ferrets. I looked out through a loophole in the front of

the cave and wished that I could have found a flamethrower for sake.

Then we waited. We waited for three days during which not a rat crossed the water ditches.

"This is driving me crazy," Barbara complained on the fourth day. "Why do we have to stay cooped up this way? Why can't we go out and drive them away? I'm not afraid of a few rats."

"Did you say a few rats? Look out there by the big fir tree on the rise."

I handed her my binoculars.

She took them and looked where I indicated.

"Do you remember the heifer? The one I couldn't drive into the cave with the others?"

"Of course it—" her voice broke off.

"It isn't running now!"

Barbara screamed as she saw the body of the animal. It was covered with swarming, fighting rats.

I pulled her away from the loophole and took up my watch again. She came and sat at my feet. I grinned at her and she picked up one of the Very pistols. I showed her how to load it. Then she looked out the small opening. She stiffened but didn't flinch at the sight of the uni-

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Adams



"Hello, dear! Did you know our new next door neighbor is an M.D.?"

Dear Adam

From our
loony file of pressing
problems, here's a
sampling of nuthouse romances

by BOB TUPPER



Dear Adam:

There's a girl I want, but everytime I chase her
she runs . . . what's wrong?

Winded

Dear Winded:

She's probably just leading you on.

Adam



Dear Adam:

My girl is a sex fiend . . . I can't seem to get her
mind off of it . . . what can I do?

Pooped

Dear Pooped:

Wire me her address immediately.

Adam

ROOMS



Dear Adam:

I am a woman bricklayer . . . I work hard and make
lots of money, but don't seem to find time for any
fun . . . what do you suggest?

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated:

Find a job where you can mix business with pleasure. Try laying something besides bricks, and your
problem will be solved.

Adam



Dear Adam:

My girl and I don't see eye to eye

Troubled

Dear Troubled:

If you want to see eyes, look in a mirror . . .

Adam



Dear Adam:

I'm getting suspicious of my dentist . . . He always gives me gas when he works on me, but he never sends a bill. What do you think?

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled:

Send him one . . .

Adam



Dear Adam:

I buy and wear all the latest fashions, but my boy friend never comments on how nice I look . . . what should I do?

Disillusioned

Dear Disillusioned:

Maybe he doesn't want you to look nice . . . Put your clothes in the closet where they belong . . . You'll get more than comments

Adam



Dear Adam:

There is this man I'm crazy about . . . How can I attract his attention?

Anxious

Dear Anxious:

Do like the bullfighters do . . . he'll come charging

Adam



My girl is very touchy about some things. How do I avoid hurting her feelings?

Worried

Dear Worried:

Use kid gloves . . .

Adam

Without fancy padding Fred Mellinger believes women alone hold the key to their own beauty



The Bra King

by PETER NIMMS

Photo: RON LOGGIE

Customers may select from a wide variety of Fred's creations.



FROM THE FIRST dim beginnings of recorded history, men have expressed a fanatical concern for the beauty of their women. And the women have been well aware of it. Even as far back as 400 B.C., a jaded playwright named Aristophanes wrote of a gal called Lyxistata who knew the power of a beautiful woman and decided to use that power to put an end to war.

For several years, the men of Athens had been scurrying off to various battlefields, leaving their wives to lonely nights and empty beds. The wives eventually grew tired of this, and wise Lyxistata one day gathered them together and convinced them to go on strike against their husbands. When the warriors returned, with huge smiles and anxious glands, they were greeted by a most frustrating situation: Stop fighting or stop loving. Woman or war. (Need anyone be told which they chose?)

The importance of feminine beauty has not diminished even slightly in the past 2300 years. Indeed, it's probably on the increase in our own day. For a long while there was a terrible tendency to hide beauty behind bustles and sack dresses (a formless oddity that keeps coming back like a nightmare). Whereas Lyxistata of Athens could say of the undraped bosom of one of her friends, "What lovely breasts to own," a few years ago a modern Lyxistata could only say,

"Gee, that's a nice bra!"

That ridiculous circumstance changed—to the benefit of mankind, I'm sure—when a new fashion movement began to stir during the late '40s. It urged a return to the "natural beauty" of women. One of the most important pioneers of that movement was a gentleman by the name of Fred Mellinger, owner of the world-famous Frederick's of Hollywood.

Fred's battle against the 19th Century tradition of the over-dressed woman began when he was only seventeen years old. Determined to get through college, he enrolled in night classes and took a job with a large Eastern Company as a bra and lingerie buyer. After only a few weeks, he realized the startling importance of the lingerie industry and decided to make it his life work.

He stayed with the company 12 years, learning every aspect of the business from designing to marketing. Over those years, he came to realize that the manufacturers, instead of designing their products to reveal the natural attributes of the female, were actually hiding them under several inches of lace, knit, and pads. Something new was obviously needed, and Fred was determined to create it.

He first offered his ideas to the company he was with, but they were too conservative. They responded by laughing him out of the office. Fred had no choice. If he was to follow his convictions, he had to go into business for himself.

But, as he was about to solo for the first time, the Second World War broke loose and he enlisted. He spent 2½ years in the signal corps.

Each woman is sketched in detail so that the final garment will fully accent her own beauty.





Fred makes a final minor adjustment before completing one of his newest designs

carrying a rifle muzzle in one hand and a history of women's clothing styles in the other. By the time his discharge came in 1945, he had matured into one of the most informed authorities on women's styles in the world.

Again a civilian, he set himself down to the seemingly endless task of designing dozens of radically improved bras, and, with a little money he was able to raise, opened a small office on 5th Avenue in New York City. His plan was to contract a few manufacturers to make these new bras for him, and then to sell them by mail-order. In a short time, Fred-

erick's Bras had exploded on the fashion world like an earthquake. Orders began pouring in from around the world.

In 1946, he moved his base of operations to Los Angeles. Since Hollywood was a city unique for its appreciation of feminine beauty, it had been Fred's life-long dream to go West where his innovations would be truly appreciated. Using every penny he had made in New York, he rented a very inexpensive little office in Chinatown. "It was a real dive," he recalls. "But we were still strictly a mail-order business and the central post office was only a few

blocks away. Besides, the mice were very friendly."

The earthquake he had loosed upon the bra industry didn't let up. The tremors got bigger, and within six months he was forced to move into bigger quarters.

"It was as though all the women in the world had been waiting for something like this. They were proud of their bodies and never liked the idea of keeping them hidden. All I actually did was to give these gals something they'd always wanted: A chance to be themselves. It was all very exciting, but it



Customers make their selections to fit their individual personalities and leave wearing distinctive bras guaranteed to display their beauty to the fullest.



didn't reach a peak until the next year. That's when the film studios started calling, asking us to move up to Hollywood where it would be convenient for them. After that, we were really flying high!"

That was when the name Frederick's of Hollywood was officially adopted, a name that has since become world-famous. By 1950, Fred had a long list of important fashions credited to him, among them: Embroidered stockings, queen's-lace stockings (wide-mesh theatrical stockings made for street wear), harem pajamas (sheer, so they wouldn't obscure the natural figure),

and, to the joy of all beachcombers, the revival of the bikini.

But Fred's most widely acclaimed contribution has been in the bra field. "Our contribution to bra design," he often jokes, "was not an innovation, but an elimination." And eliminate he did! First he removed the centers of bras, then the tops, constantly attempting to get to the woman herself. "These particular bras were not for re-shaping," he claims, but for supporting. A beautiful woman needs nothing more from us than a chance to show her beauty!"

Puritanical voices were raised in

outrage, but Fred persisted in his conviction that hiding beauty was far more vulgar than allowing it to show naturally. Although it took him several years, he finally proved himself right.

Standing in his main store in Hollywood, one can watch the most elite and elegant women come in for a fitting. Teen-agers, dowagers, every age, background; all anxious to become more naturally feminine.

At last count, the Frederick's of Hollywood catalogue was being distributed to nearly a million people. His customers are not exclusively in this country, however. Orders also

arrive daily from such distant places as Trinidad, Uitenhage (in South Africa), Ceylon, and even the new Republic of Uganda. Only the Iron Curtain countries have remained silent, and it is interesting to imagine how many 3-year plans will be in the dust if a Frederick's topless bra ever appears in downtown Moscow!

"Our customers are housewives and movie stars, college girls and high-fashion models. We even sell to men who want gifts for their wives or girl friends. The only trouble with selling to men is that there's a tremendous amount of exchanging. They keep confusing their wife's sizes with their girl friend's!"

Although he now handles almost every kind of women's apparel, Fred's own interest remains devotedly in the bra field. He works tirelessly perfecting new bras, surveying the hundreds of world-wide fashion magazines for new ideas and new problems to solve.

When tackling a new design, Fred usually works with a model. In this way, he can put his inspirations to the test immediately. Close-by are also a style consultant and his secretary.

Before he even starts, Fred has probably spent several days, if not weeks, clarifying the exact effect he is attempting to achieve with the new bra. Perhaps it is for an especially low-cut gown or a backless sun-suit. In any case, he has a reasonably good idea of the problems he will probably encounter. The design project itself usually begins with the difficult job of getting the exact measurements of the model's

body dimensions. This done, he is ready to start experimenting by fitting the model with several variations of the bra he is working on, dictating any changes to his secretary, and conferring on special points with the style consultant. Over and over he goes through this routine. Sometimes the experiments go on for days, sometimes for only a few hours. But years of experience have taught him determination, and rarely gets discouraged. "It's not like designing a dress that simply has to look good. A bra has a job to do and it had better damn well do it perfectly. So you keep trying, making changes, adjustments. There's a point, eventually, when you know you've hit the right combination of elements, and the experimenting's over. From then on, it's smooth sailing."

Because of his success in stimulating the "natural beauty look" and because of his tremendous influence on the whole bra industry, Fred was eventually tagged *The Bra King*, a title he firmly objects to. "There's no such thing as a Bra King! The only rulers in this kingdom are the gals. They know what they want and we try to give it to them."

And what gals some of them are! A day at Frederick's is something like a day in heaven. In and out walk some of the most beautiful women in the world, often as many at a time that an unprepared male could well have a dizzy spell.

But to Fred Mellinger it is a profession, and the only thing that turns his head (other than his wife and daughter) is a new problem to solve or a new project to start. To-



day, he counts his yearly gross sales in the millions of dollars, has retail stores opening throughout the country, and even maintains offices in France and Germany.

Yet, despite all this, Fred remains a friendly, good-humored guy, so surprised at his enormous success as the executives who laughed him out of their offices only a few years ago. And whenever he's asked to explain the secret of his success, he usually lets a little smile spread across his face and says simply, "Well, I guess the world took me to its bosom!"







Half fight all of the time, all fight half of the time, Allen English was the greatest hellion the west ever saw

SAGA OF THE LOADED LAWYER

by NAT MCKELVEY

IN THE days when murder and self-defense were virtually synonymous, Bill King's Tombstone saloon opened its convoluted bat-wings to cowboys and no counts, to the cultured and unwarmed to professional ladies and to men with professions. Therefore no one thought much about it when a moist-faced, ruddy-cheeked six-footer in cutaway coat and striped pants pushed his paunch against the polished mahogany

Half fight, Allen R. English, greatest lawyer Tombstone ever had, pawed his natty Van Dyke with one hand, crushed the other on the gleaming head, and loudly opined that there would be no rain on San Juan's Day when, according to Mexican tradition, a downpour can be expected.

"Bet you the dinks it does," someone countered.

"You're on, strapped English," said if it rains, I'll stand naked under the public water spout."

On June 24, 1888, San Juan's Day, the skies erupted. True to his word, English, naked as a plucked goose, stepped from King's Saloon to the water spout, dutifully standing under it.

Now this bit of frontier whimsy might have had no particular sequel—except that English was angling for the office of United States Commissioner, and some peccant Toms played him false. From a window of the boarding house opposite the water font, this Puritan snapped a photo of the fabulous lawyer, sending it to Washington with the caption: "This is the man you are considering for U. S. Commissioner?"

English didn't get the job, but he continued living a life that became a legend in his own time. In fact, his life became so legendary that one historian credits him with all manner of antics during an eleven year period when the redoubtable attorney

— turn the page

His mansion had a window through which guests could watch the local gunfights

ney was peacefully resting in his grave in a Bubbe cemetery.

That English could remain so alive in public fancy, even after death, is a tribute to the force of a personality that could, even though crooked, impress itself indelibly on the frontier world.

Once, while trying a murder case before Judge Alfred C. Lockwood, later Chief Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court, English requested a recess. Promptly, he retired to the courthouse privy for a few stiff smarts from a concealed bottle. Returning to court, he staggered noticeably.

Glowering, Judge Lockwood reprimanded the attorney, warning him never again to appear in court while drunk. Volubly, English promised. But next morning, he once again lumbered into Judge Lockwood's presence. Angry, the judge denounced him.

"Mr. English," he growled, "I gave you distinct warning. You have chosen to ignore it. Therefore, I sentence you to thirty days for contempt."

Now Allen English was courtesy of manner, probing the air at six feet plus. When he moved, his big-boned body had the grace of a ballet dancer, the coordination of an athlete. His head, magnificently endowed with flowing hair, gave him the appearance of a friendly lion, while his tremendous mustache and impertinent chin whiskers contributed to an impression of supreme wisdom.

When he heard Judge Lockwood's sentence, English bellied like a wounded boar. "Your honor," he snorted, unflinching a cascade of slurs the like of which Lockwood had never before heard.

For fifteen minutes, the lawyer called on his God, referred to the works of Shakespeare, quoted from Latin and Greek poets and concluded by impounding the judge to remember the fair name of mother English, proud flower of Maryland mystocracy.

From Judge Lockwood's cheeks, unabashed tears rolled, splashing to the polished judicial bench.

"All right, Mr. English. All right!" the judge exclaimed. "I'll resent fifteen days of that sentence."

As English left the courtroom, guided by the bailiff, he walked and remarked, loud enough for all to hear:

"By God, I talked him out of half of it, didn't I?"

Jailed, English served only a fraction of the sentence. Yelling for a lawyer, reciting his constitutional rights, and quoting from the classics, he made such a nuisance of himself that his guards released him after three days.

As befitting this performance, a mere spectator remarked: "Mr. English is certainly an outspoken man." Hearing this, a weary prosecutor replied:

"Mr. English may be out-thought, out-maneuvered, out-smarted, but believe me, brother, he is never outspoken!"

As a lad of twenty, English misgrimed, in 1880, from his native Saginaw, Michigan. Arriving in Tombstone, he worked for a period as a hard-rock miner, but this proved scarcely suitable for the son of a wealthy shipbuilder whose wife was one of the Fitzgeralds of Maryland. Besides, young Allen boasted a law degree from the University of Vir-

ginia, and Tombstone had plenty of characters in need of counsel.

English rubbed shoulders and drank with such men as Curly Bill Brocious who authored the Skeleton Canyon massacre of 1881; with such saloon scoundrels as Rattlemilk Bill, "Doo" Holliday, Jake Gaule, and Johnny Ringo. English had been in Tombstone scarcely a year when Billy Clanton, Tom and Frank McLowery died of lead poisoning in an explosive round of the Earp-Clanton affray.

It was natural that English should attract the attention of someone Marcus Aurelius Smith, man of many facets and a congressman to boot. In the young man, Mark Smith saw a carbon copy of his own quixotic self, and, though he was against gambling, he decided to take a chance and make English a junior partner in the law firm of Smith and Goodrich.

Allen English swept into the offices on Rotten Row, oblivious of the street name's possible implications. With him, English brought his law books, his formidable wit, and his ever-present bottle of good whiskey. He became immediately a friend to the oppressed, though not without certain reservations, and a precocious pan in the backbones to judges and prosecuting attorneys.

In court, prosecutors feared his unconventional tactics, his incomparable legal acumen, his stinging wit. One of his contemporaries on Rotten Row had especial cause for pain.

During prolonged legal contemplations, this worthy had worn a prominent hole in his cane bottomed office chair. To keep from falling through, he placed a brace of heavy law books over the opening. One day, during a crackling court battle against English, the attorney screamed.

"Mr. English, your conception of points of law is indeed unique."

"Naturally," English retorted, blandly. "I do not share my legal knowledge with the same part of my anatomy that you do."

If English spared no opposing counsel, he didn't discriminate against the judges either. According to the late John Walker, federal district court reporter at Tucson, English had a penchant for heckling "their honors".

Once on law and motion day in the court of Judge George R. Davis, English presented himself so obviously smacked that the judge could not overlook it. He fined the young attorney twenty-five dollars for con-

Allen



"Wink, eh! Nice work, Dora. I knew you had it in you!"

script of court.

Rising to the occasion, English roared: "Your honor, twenty-five dollars wouldn't pay for half the contempt I have for this court."

At one time or another, almost every judge from Tombstone to Tucson had occasion to curse English for contempt. To his colleagues he became known as "the contemptuous Mr. English." An illiterate miner once described this as "the contemptuous Mr. English," a description that many court-room dignitaries found privately agreeable.

English may not have enjoyed the old western delicacy "son-of-a-bitch-in-a-sack"; a stew concocted of kidney, liver, heart, brains, and tripe. But he undoubtedly conured, when fiddling with cowpokes, contemptuous of law and order, renamed the dish. To them it became "district attorney stew", an insult to legal authority that must surely have tickled the fancy of brother English.

As for his attitude in the matter of the "under-dog", English could alternately be abhorrent and contemptuous. On one occasion, though tight as a Hibernian fizziol, he successfully defended Wiley Morgan, a man of "no coath". Accused of murder, this notorious participant in the Clanton - Karp - Morgan feuds went scot-free.

On the other hand, English had certain prejudices. Somewhat slyly, he once posted his way to the polished board in Tombstone's Crystal Palace Bar. In the process of commanding a drink, he brushed against a drunken half-breed. The half-breed wept bitterly.

Himself on the point of a crying jag, English encircled the man's weepy, dirt-smeared shirt with an affectionate arm.

"Come, come, my friend," the renowned attorney coaxed. "Tell me your troubles."

Without hesitation, the uncouth fellow painted a picture of oppression and persecution at the hands of arrogant Anglo. Tears sprung into English's gray eyes, blurred down his ruddy cheeks. "Go on," he urged.

"Well, Mr. English," sobbed the half-breed. "I cannot understand this, for the same God made both of us..."

"I know," snapped English, his voice resonant. "That's what I'm trying about."

Johnny Walker describes English as a gifted speechmaker, his voice phable, now ringing with resonance, now throbbing with whispered emotion. The court-room orators could play juries as an over-wrought

gypsy plays his violin. He could cry, rage, beg, flatter or chide to democratic fidelity at will. Often, while pleading a case, he would lean over the jury box and say to one of the miners, "Give me a chew of tobacco, Will."

For a re-treaded tenderfoot, English chewed tobacco with the skill of a mule-skinner. He disposed of it with the drowsy accuracy of an Amaz. Oakley. Old-timers swear he could spit backwards over his shoulder and never miss a cuspidor at ten feet. They say he chewed in court, firing his over-load at any gaboon, even the one reserved for "his honor". During heated arguments, the English aim sometimes became a trifl errata, and brown juice spattered the judicial bench. These exhibitions, which would have done credit to a tipsy archer fish, became known, in lower-case Tombstone society, as "English's great expectorations."

One of English's staunch friends was the late William C. Stashle, an attorney who bore the picturesque, and probably accurate, pseudonym of "Corkscrew". History does not agree on how he earned this name. Some accounts say it was because he was something less than straight in his dealings — others that he garnered the title because of an ever-present bottle spacer which made him always ready to uncork the spirits he loved.

Undoubtedly, Stashle was an accomplished draker and so found English a compatible friend. Once, the two were traveling by buckboard from Tombstone to Tucson. Rain had swollen the creeks and rivers. One of these, possibly the San

Pedro, was so full when the two counsellors came upon it in the evening that they had to wait until morning before crossing. During the night the water vanished as run-off, causing Stashle to quip:

"They should name this 'English Wash'."

"Why?" queried English.

"Because," Stashle explained. "It is full at night, dry in the morning."

English had his revenge. When the two men came to another swollen stream, they waited in vain for it to run down.

"This one," English declared, "should be called 'Stashle Wash', Full all the time."

This was probably the only occasion on which English ever conceded that another man could equal him in the fine art of bending the elbow. He prided himself on an unusual ability to carry untold quantities of hard liquor, and he constantly reserved his right to do so against all comers.

The Santa Fe Railroad once offered him the head attorney's post for their company in Arizona. They would pay, they said, the handsome sum of \$25,000 a year, but on one condition. English must agree to cease imbibing. On hearing this, the inebriate lawyer turned livid.

"What," he yelled. "Give up my inalienable rights to a bloodless conception Hell no."

English knew his own weakness for drink, but he couldn't have cared less. Often, in fact, he kidded himself about his drinking propensities. Once, in a bibulous glow, he stepped from a saloon into Tombstone's Allen Street, glanced sourly at the

—turn to page 54

Allen



"That was the best Fate-Worse-Than-Death I ever suffered thru . . ."

When a beautiful blonde like Lynn Hayward is bitten by the health bug, the results are something to see



model's daily dozen

GOLDEN-BLONDE Lynn Hayward is not only one of the most beautiful girls in the entire Hollywood area—she is also one of the best disciplined, physically at any rate. For Lynn is a girl who believes that, without an underlying layer of sound muscle tone, her loveliest body-features will sag and go flabby before their time.

"Look at the way dancers, especially ballet-dancers keep their figures!" she insists by way of proof. "I'm no ballet-dancer, but I try to accomplish the same end by working out in a gymnasium at least four times a week."





In capris and leotard, in leotard or in nothing at all, Lynn is a sight for sore optics. At 36-24-37, she has what it takes!



Lynn firmly believes beauty needs a foundation of sound muscle tone—and she really works at her belief, as the pictures to the left reveal.



Lynn is young (about 30) and is basically a big girl as well as a beautiful one. She stands five feet eight in her soles, weighs 140 pounds dripping wet and measures a stunning 38-24-37 where such measurements count the most. She hails from Southern California, would like ultimately to crack the movies ("whenever they and I think I'm ready") and as that rarity of rarities in Hollywood, a natural blonde.

Unlike a large percentage of her rivals in the Hollywood beauty sweepstakes, Lynn is intensely serious about her undoubted comeliness as well as her health. Says she, "I feel the two go together, that they complement one another. Without health, beauty is seldom even skin-deep, but only makeup deep. And I want to take care of what nature has given to me."

Lynn attended UCLA for a number of semesters, studying biology and physical education. Her fervor in the matter of lab (gymnasium) work, however, soon brought her to the attention of the Vic Tanny health studios, and she quit studying biology to become a prize specimen herself.

"Nowadays," she reveals, "my favorite gym is the West Los Angeles Physical Services, and my favorite instructor is named Lynn." (Shown with Lynn in a number of these photos.)

Lynn, who packs up pon money singing popular songs at some of the smaller Hollywood area bars, has also done considerable work as a model. Her five feet eight inches, plus her poise, make her a natural for fashion as well as pinup work, and she gets along quite well, thank you, while awaiting her movie break.

"I'm forever being stopped by strangers on the street," she says. "They always want to know if I'm in pictures. Usually they tell me I look either like Grace Kelly or Ingrid Bergman, depending on how I've done my hair that morning. Heaven knows,



After a workout on barbells and mat, Lynn uses reducing tub to keep her 39" bosom firm

both of them have done well in the movies — I only hope I can have half as good a career as either of them."

Meanwhile, Lynn keeps in shape. She is a health-food addict like so many other girls who train at the various Hollywood gyms, eats spaghetti and does not smoke. "What's more," she adds, "I seldom go to parties, and if I do, I leave early. I need my eight or more hours of sleep a night if I'm going to keep on feeling and looking good enough to have a film career." A nice girl as well as a lovely one.





RATS.
from page 17

countable gray bodies that obscured the green of the meadow.

"I didn't get enough ferrets, I didn't get enough dogs, I didn't get enough gasoline," I muttered.

"Darling . . . darling . . ." her fingers dug into my leg.

"They've left the cage because there isn't anything there anymore," I said.

The dogs were growling and whining. They had gotten to their feet and were standing stiff-legged around the door. They wanted to get at the rats.

"There's someone coming," Barbara said suddenly. "There's a truck coming."

I packed up the glasses. There was a truck roaring down the road at desperate speed, a red pick-up truck.

It was old man Johnson and he didn't make it. His truck plowed through the brown and gray bodies leaving a stream of red, but it skewed as the bodies piled up in front of it. It kept coming and almost reached the first of my trenches. As it came to a stop the brown and gray mass poured over it. I could see Johnson trying to open the door, trying to get out, his screams rippling the morning air.

"My God . . . my God in heaven!" Barbara moaned.

I picked up my rifle and fired in a rifle grenade. It was the only napalm grenade I had but I had to use it because it was all that I could do for him. By the time I lined up my sights, the truck was completely covered and the screams were muffled. I pulled the trigger and looked away as the burst of flames wiped out the pile of moving life.

Barbara's fingers dug deeply into my arm. The dogs growled and the ferrets hurled themselves against the wire of their cages.

The brown and gray mass came over the first trench with hardly a pause. The water had been a mistake. Somehow I had thought that they couldn't swim, not against the flowing water of the stream anyway. They came with water dripping from their furry bodies and their teeth glistening. I waited as sweat poured from my forehead. I waited until they were piled by the thousands in the second pit and were beginning to crawl up the other side by the

downs.

"Do something!" Barbara screamed. "Do something!"

I pressed the button that lit the spark that set off the gasoline in the second trench. As the all-consuming flame leaped upward and flared all to hellfire against the sky, I knew real terror. I should have bought more gasoline. I should have bought gasoline from here to Sunday. I should have burned barrels of it where I could have pumped it into the ditch to keep the fire going for hours instead of minutes. But it was too late now, the fire was already going out.

The third ditch gave them more trouble. For almost an hour hundreds of rats poured down into it and none came out. I couldn't see what was going on but I knew it must be a battle of epic proportions in which all but six of our ferrets were fighting their last battle against tremendous odds.

Finally one big red-eyed demon crawled out on our side of the trench only to be pulled back down. Then another with half his body gone crawled out to die, while another followed him, dripping blood and darted toward the door of the cage. Two more came and I blasted them with a single shotgun shell.

After



"It's ironic, isn't it . . . I made my living in this old hotel years ago . . . in a completely different way, of course!"

But more and more were coming now, dozens became hundreds. They knew there was food inside the cage and they were starving. We fired two hundred rounds of shotgun ammunition and I threw twenty-four grenades. Rats piled up on our little strip of sand two feet deep, but still they came. They charged against the door and began gnawing on it.

I blasted them with a flare from a Very pistol but they came back time after time.

"How long will it hold?" Barbara asked, hearing the teeth chewing at the door.

"I don't know!" I said. I had one hand in the stiff hair of Dolly, one of my favorite dogs. Jake, a big terrier was quavering against my leg.

In a shorter time than I expected, a hole appeared at the bottom of the door and a pair of fury eyes peered through. The terrier tore off the head as it came through but another followed it.

"Turn the ferrets loose," I told Barbara.

"We've killed so many you'd think . . ."

"How many do you think there are? How do we know how fast they're breeding? How do we know what effect the bomb radiations have had on them?"

ADAM's Eve





Buddy leaned over the bar slobbering and bawling into the night.



the Happiest Lion

by EARLE SCHELL

Mike Wilcox poured out still another libation to the gods of the Viking Bookshop before applying the bottle to his own lips. He beck to the open door, he surveyed the interior of the store, which, divested now of its gaudy Joseph's-coat of packed volumes, seemed larger and somehow obscenely naked. Utterly depressed, he skinned the puddle of bourbon on the floor and returned to the desk, the only item of furniture remaining. He set the bottle down and rummaged in a drawer for cigarettes.

A movement near the door distracted him... Bish! A trick of light and early evening shadow. He resumed his search.

The ballincusion nogged at the edge of his vision, again compelled his scrutiny. It was still crouched there, lapping up the bourbon from the liquidum.

"You damned figment of an overwrought imagination, beat it!" Mike's right arm described a sweeping backhanded gesture of dismissal.

Lambent yellow eyes glower malevolently in the shadow of the ruff as the huge head swung up. The beast scowled. The tufted tail flicked electrically.

"Okay, buddy," Mike muttered grumpily. "If you are real and it's a fight you want, you've picked — turn the page

Ruined in business, empty in love —
an alcoholic lion
was the last thing he needed

man, and pushed himself erect, only to find his six-feet-plus tapped by the lion's head. Momentarily, they wrestled upright, then tumbled back to the floor.

Mike quit first. Panting heavily, he sat astride on the cat's heaving belly. "Phew! what a workout!" he gasped. "What we need, buddy, is a drink." The bottle was within reach. "Just a wee drop of the cre'ter" for the Lars and Penster — "he spilled out a couple of drops — "Enough!" He drank, then measured what was left against the deserts of his playmate. He shrugged. "Share and share alike." Leaning forward and thrusting the neck of the bottle between the lion's teeth, he decanted the bourbon into the animal's throat. Then he rose and tossed the empty bottle aside.

The lion wriggled to a sitting position, his eyes switching from the bottle to Mike and back again, his tongue flicking out to sweep quivering chops.

"Better nooch drinks elsewhere, buddy. I'm the brokest used-book-dealer in town. The dough I got out of this place belongs to my ex-wife and my creditors."

The lion hitched himself tentatively forward, settled back on his haunches, his eyes unswervingly fixed on the man.

"Oh, okay," Mike capitulated. "Bet only one."

Their progress down the street was attended by a spontaneous out-break of boisterousness among the citizens who fractured every joy-walking ordinance in the books scribbling for the opposite sidewalk. Unconscious of the furor they were causing, the pair strolled into a side. The bartender, being occupied at the backbar, failed to witness their entrance. When he turned, his jaw dropped.

"Where'd they go?"

"Who?"

"The customers. Two seconds ago, the place is full. Suddenly, it's Sunday in Philadelphia."

"Beat me. Everybody left as I come in."

"Shee! Never saw a place empty as fast since the cops raided a stag I was at last year. Well, what's yours, mister?"

"Two double bourbons."

"Two?"

"One for me — one for my buddy."

The bartender looked around to study himself that the young man really was his sole customer. Eccentricity being no uncommon phenomenon to a bartender, he sighed and

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SECOND ISSUE *Adam* BEDSIDE READER... ON SALE NOW!

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She was pick and naked,
whispering on the floor.



The gallows beckoned, and
even Rand's woman couldn't
save him from the
gambler's double-cross



SAVE ME YOUR BOOTS

by CONNIE SELLERS

The iron bars held last night's coolness. Rand gripped them hard. There was a smell of fresh-sawn pine. And hammer noises, staccato, but with long rests between poundings, moving as all things move in desert sun.

Nothing burned in an Arizona summer—not jackrabbits, not rattlers; and men, least of all. Not even when they were building a gallows.

Rand pressed his face against the bars, hating them, grateful for their momentary coolness. This afternoon, when the sun swung over on this side of the adobe jail, the metal could blister his hands.

The street would bake, hardbright sun beating upon it. But men would come out of the shade to drive nails, to test the trap, and finally, check the rope itself.

Rand didn't want to die. Not like this.

He sat on the hard bunk and poured tobacco into thumbrown paper. His hands shook, and he licked the paper together quickly.

In the corridor, ragged cards slapped on the nail log the deputy used as a table "Damn!" Jeff said. "Now you got all the matches."

Rand listened for the other voice—for the man in the next cell to answer.

"You can have 'em back, tomorrow," Kane

—turn the page

"Well?" Rand had asked.

"No," Kane answered. "Somewhere, some time. Not now."

Sally had the sheet around her. "Please — I thank you, but —"

Kane said it over his shoulder: "Tell him."

"I'm his — woman," she recited. "He can do whatever he wants to me."

It was like something memorized from a book.

"You heard," Kane said.

"I heard, and I don't like her teacher. They say you're a gambler, master; you won't take a chance on those fancy girls."

Kane's hard face didn't change. "I don't try to fill inside straight, either. I want for a better hand."

"Afraid?" Rand threw the word at him.

"No," Kane said. "Not afraid."

Rand believed him. Believing, he knew the man would try to kill him, as he had said — somewhere, some time.

"I'm sorry for you," Rand said to the woman, and backed down the hall to his own room.

In a minute, the whispering started again, mixed with savage grunting and lowlier slaps on naked flesh. Rand got up and went outside into the cool, clean air. He stood there a long time, until he thought it would be finished. Then he went back upstairs and slept with his gun under his pillow.

The deputy rattled a tin cup against the bars and Rand opened his eyes.

"Chew down," Jeff said.

There were beans fried in meat drippings and chuck-wagon biscuits. They still made Rand's stomach twitch. "Just the coffee," he said.

Jeff lifted a combeleached eyebrow. "Kane's eatin'!"

"Just coffee," Rand said.

Jeff poured it from a smoke-blackened pot. "With a gun rep like you got, seems you oughta have more sand. You ain't no closer to dyin' now, than you was in that Laramie county war."

"I had my gun, then."

"Fella named Jellico didn't have a gun, either."

"I didn't kill him."

"You said that. Only the jury believed Kane."

Rand turned away with the tin cup. "Go beg him for his boots some more."

Jeff whined. "I ain't beggin' no harder than you."

The coffee was black and bitter, and brought sweat beading out on Rand's forehead. He sipped at it,

and thought how he should have left town, after that first night.

But he had stayed, maybe to find out why a woman would let Kane beat her like that. Sure, Sally was a dance-hall girl, but everybody didn't live the kind of life they wanted to. No more than Rand Abel did. Sally's body was for hire, just as his gun was. And maybe she didn't like it, either.

He had seen that look in her eyes, that kind of glassy stare a cot got, with a broken leg. With a horse, you put the .44 in his head and squeezed the trigger, once. What did you do about a woman?

Rand stayed in Tombstone for weeks, trying to think it out. A cattle war was building up, over the mountains, north of Prescott, and people there needed Rand Abel's gun. But he put off leaving.

Kane watched him, and he watched Kane. Rand came to know a little of the gambler's makeup, sensed the fever eating at the man.

He saw gambling was a sickness in Kane, that he drove his luck without mercy. He came to understand that fear held Sally, the gut-wrenching fear a mistreated horse had for a cruel master.

Secure in that fear, Kane left town one afternoon, and when he was gone, Rand went into Sally's room. At first she shied away, like a wild mare. He gentled her, talking easily and not touching her until she was used to the sound of his voice.

When he did put his hand on her, she trembled all over, and cried little-girl tears against his shoulder. He waited for her to sob out the fear and taste of Kane Wilder. When it was all gone, she lifted her face.

Sally's mouth was soft, asking gentleness and affection. Men had bought her body, but she hadn't given it before. She gave it to Rand, offering her breasts to pillow his face, presenting the beauty of her tapered legs. The bare, warming hips made a quenching cup for the thirst of his body.

Later, she cried again. Not from hurt and sorrow, but as women cry when they are very happy. And Rand Abel was happy with her. It had been more than satisfying — used, more than a brief ecstasy. They had found something important, something that would never go away.

The other things no longer mattered. Not her silver dollars damp from eager palms; not his bullets downing other gunmen. There had been pain and loneliness for them both, and

— turn to page 48

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JACKIE AND beautiful, at the age of 23, golden-haired Jackie Hutton is one Hollywood model who has a hobby that pays off in cash, new \$100 bills fresh from Uncle Sam's mint. The San Diego-born beauty, who currently lives in Burbank, not far from some of the movie-capital's major studios, has turned her between-jobs times to vast profits during the last four years by becoming a successful breeder and raiser of what are currently the most popular dogs in America: French poodles.

"In that time," says Jackie, "I have sold over fifty dogs. They range in price from \$125 for a bottom-bargain to a \$250 top. I furnish papers and register with each dog I sell, since all are pedigree descendants of Suette La Nuit Beau—that means, translated, Suette the Beautiful Black One. Suette was my first dog, and I'm showing it among her at left. She is five years old and some of her descendants extend to the twenty-eighth generation already."

The little white poodle in the two pictures at bottom left of you can tear your eyes away from Jackie's fascinating face and equally fascinating 39-inch bosom, is named Petit Gasson Beau, which translates into Little White Gentle. He's still a baby. The two darker-haired puppies sharing Jackie's bed (lucky dogs!) are named

beauty and her beasts



The best thing about breeding poodles to Jackie is that she loves the work



Jackie's Burbank home has a special staff door to let puppies out—and in!



Busty, blonde Jackie Hilton has lucrative canine racket on side



La Belle Mme Echo and *La Belle Scroonda Grande Mode*, and don't ask ANAM to translate those! He took his French in another school.

Jackie, who began modeling sunsets at the age of 12, has already had a good bit of film and TV experience. She did a term in one of Tom Dugger's "telephone girls" on that controversial West-Coast show, and played a lead in a manse-league movie entitled "Dance Hall Rocket" a year or two ago. She had also done more than her share of pinup modeling.

A high school graduate, she reads novels in digest form, smokes and drinks socially and is an excellent performer, in a pool, on a horse or a tennis court. A good cook, she can bake you a cake, cook a roast or spaghetti to perfection and has a nice touch with barbecue chicken. In fact, her one drawback seems to be an inability to get ready to go anywhere without spending a couple of hours getting ready—even though the event be an informal one. "I can't bear not to be pretty in public," she offers by way of explanation. As if Jackie could be anything else!



When Jackie and her poaches pool talents, it's an unbeatable combination!



"Come on in, killer," says Jackie. "The water's fine."



Now and then even a dog has to be taught the rudiments of swimming



now it was gone. They talked softly, planning, until the flame grew in them again, and their bodies sought each other. It was better, deep and earth-shaking, now that they understood.

In the morning, Kane Wilder came back to town. Alkaline dust was thick on him as he looked first at Sally and Rand, next at her suitcase on the floor.

Rand spread his fingers over the butt of the .44. "Sally is leaving with me."

"Did she say that?"

Sally held her chin up. "I'm not afraid of you any more, Kane."

Kane's eyes were repulsive, unblinking, and Rand thought he had been pushed over the line, that now he would go for the pearl-handled gun. He didn't.

"All right," Kane said.

Rand hadn't understood, then. He hadn't known about the pose just pushing their lathered ponies into town. When the lawmen bunched into the saloon behind their rifles, Kane lifted his hands.

"You get us," he said. "Sorry my horse won't face as Abel's; I mighta had time to wash up, too."

Marshal Thoms was a weathered man with faded blue eyes. He painted them at Rand. "Heard you was in my territory, Abel. Keep your hand still."

"What's he talking about—Kane, I mean?"

Thoms lifted Rand's gun. "He's talkin' sense. We traded two horses here."

Rand blinked. "Mine is in the stable."

"Yeah," Kane said. "Lathered up—just like mine."

After that, things were blurred. When he looked around for Sally, she was gone, and she didn't show up at the trial. Rand Abel was a hired gun; there was the evidence of his hard-riden pony, the .44 holes in a man named Jellico.

Kane Wilder made it all sound logical—that he'd paid Rand for the job, and gone along to help; that they had gambled on getting away. They had lost, Kane swore, and that was that.

"Hey!"

Rand twisted on his bunk.

"Hey!" Kane yelled again. "Makin' your will, Rand?"

Rand didn't answer.

"Mine's finished," Kane said. "I will Jeff here my boots. But he's gotta wait until tomorrow."

"That's right good of you," the deputy said.

Rand came to his feet, sticky in the afternoon heat, dry-mouthed. "I thought it out, Kane. You took my horse with you when you killed Jellico. One of your flunkies grabbed Sally and led her somewhere. You had it all planned, to pin on me. Only the marshal was too quick. You saw he had you, and you took me with you."

Kane laughed. "He's ravin' again, Jeff."

"Fellas like him can't think, less'n they're behind a gun," Jeff said.

Rand talked on. "It was Sally, You couldn't stand losing her, and you didn't have the guts to face me."

"Listen to who's talkin' about guts," Kane said.

"Big gambler," Rand spat. "You're only a cheap tinker, afraid to bet your life. You're no gambler."

There was no laughter in Kane's voice now. It was thin and hissing through his teeth. "I am a gambler, damn you! Ask anybody!"

Rand laughed, for the first time since the judge had pronounced sentence. "You're a gutless cheapshot. You couldn't sit at the same table with real gamblers like Masterson and Hardin. They'd laugh you out of town."

"Here, now," Jeff cut in. "Kane's a first rate poker player. Why—he'll bet on most anything."

"It's false," Rand said. "Admit it, Kane—tell him what a phony you are. Tell Jeff you almost believed you were a big gambler, because deep down you're a nothing I know that now. And you know it, too, Kane."

"Shut up!" Kane screamed. "Shut up, shut up! I knew you when you came to the door. I knew how fast you were with that gun. No—I wouldn't buck a cold deck like that. But who took the last pot, gamblin'—who took the last pot?"

Rand shook the cell door. "Hope you like his boots, Jeff. He wasn't man enough to fill them. He wasn't even man enough to keep his women."

Kane was choking on his own passion, on the raging madness that boiled out in the open at last.

The deputy flinched back from Kane's cell, staring at the man's foam-wet mouth, the wild eyes.

"You don't know," Kane raved. "I upped the pot, and you don't know what the blue-chip's worth. I'll hang, laughin' like hell. You'll hang, too, wonderin' why I laughed. But other people will know, and they'll say ... looks' here, wasn't that Kane Wilder the damnedest gambler ever?... they'll say that...

they'll know..."

The words blurred away into meaningless snarls. Kane was gibbering, not making sense. He had crouched far back in some dark corner of a dimmed road. When night swept cool in from the desert, Kane curled on the floor to sleep, and yapped and bit at the air in his mad dreams.

It was hopeless, Rand thought. Whatever Kane had meant about the upping the pot, he'd never tell anybody now, he couldn't. There would be no fresh start with Sally, no calm years waiting for them where they were both unknown. Rand's future would end, at sunrise.

He sat sleepless through the night, and when he at last went to the window, he made out a film of dew on the gallows. Sun reached out for it, and Rand knew the time was here.

Kane Wilder would go first, but whatever had made him walk and talk like a man was already dead.

Jeff came yawning into the corridor and looked into Kane's cell. "He said I could have 'em. Reckon it'd be all right to get 'em now?" I don't like to think about pullin' them boots off a dead man's feet."

"He don't care," Rand said.

Marshal Thoms came, with other men behind him. "You comin', Jeff?"

"Seen too many nootie parties already, marshal. He saved me his boots, and I'm gonna sit here and look at 'em."

"You went to a lot of trouble for these boots," Rand said. "Think they'll fit?"

Jeff stroked the leather. "Be a shame if they don't."

They tied Rand's wrists behind him, and stood him aside to knot thongs over Kane's hands, too. Kane was blank-eyed, his mouth loose.

Then they were together in the dewfresh morning. Thoms pushed Kane up the steps and stood him on the trap. The hangman put a sack over Kane's head, and slipped the noose over his neck. Kane swayed there. Rand looked away, and thought he heard a laugh cut suddenly short.

When Kane was cut down and carried away, Rand watched the scuffed dust of the prison yard. Marshal Thoms touched his shoulder. "Your turn."

The gallows steps were firmly built, soundless under his boot heels as they had been under Kane's stockinged feet. The sun was turning the desert pink. The hangman offered the sack.

Rand shook his head. "I want to look."

He snelled the talcum they'd rubbed into the rope so it wouldn't catch, so it would slide easy and tight. Stuff fibers pushed at his throat, and the big knot was solid under his left ear.

He was alone on the scaffold.

Marshal Thom's tired voice floated up "Last words?"

Rand shook his head again. Words were no good now.

He heard the hangman step up to the trap lever.

Now it was coming.

Now.

"Wait! Godssakes, marshal — wait!"

Jeff leap-frogged across the prison yard, running crazily. One foot was bare, the other with a boot on it. He was waving something.

Thom held the piece of paper close and moved his lips as he read it. After many ages went by, he looked up at Rand. "Buy you a drink," he said.

They had to help Rand down the steps because his knees had come unknocked, and Jeff propped him into the office chair.

"Kane Wilder," the marshal explained. "Wrote a confession and stuck it in a boot toe. Figured Jeff wouldn't try 'em on until you and he was both dead. It says that Sally is hid out."

The air had never been so sweet. Sally.

"That Kane Wilder," Jeff said. "Had to go out like a grumbler, better I would wait for the ceremonies to get over. Hell, I seen too many."

"That's what he meant," Rand said, "about upping the pot. My life was the blue chip."

Marshal Thom rubbed a leathery hand over his face. "I ain't sayin' 'excuse me.' You stay in Arizona very long, I'll have to hang you anyway. Here's your gun, and the paper that tells where to find the woman."

Rand looked at the gunbelt, at the note in the marshal's other hand. "Just the paper, marshal."

Thom's faded blue eyes looked into his. "Not the gun?"

Jeff rubbed a boot against the leg of his colorless Lova. "That old 44 ain't worth much, but I could get maybe two dollars for it —."

"No," Rand said. "Put it in Kane Wilder's grave."

"Locks here —."

"Shut up and do like he says, Jeff." The marshal said. Then: "Reckon I won't be seem' you again?"

"No," Rand said.

But Sally would. One life had ended up on that gallows. It was time to start another one.



When a Zulu came home to cleanse himself of sin, the party lasted for days

Wiping the Axe

by FRANK COE

From the beginning of time, there have been many strange customs in many lands, but perhaps the most unusual of all was that of the Zulus known as "wiping the axe."

Before the subjugation of South Africa by the British, the Zulus were a great military empire occupying thousands of square miles of land and dominating many subject peoples. From scattered warning clans their great King Chaka ruthlessly welded them into a powerful nation with war and conquest as their principal aim in life. Their warfare was merciless, and slaughter was the rule of the day with every warrior eager to hurl the barbed tip of his assegai into the blood of an enemy — man, woman or child.

Yet, when the victorious warriors returned to their kraals or villages, every man who had killed an enemy was, strangely enough, considered unclean. He was bound by many taboos, including restrictions as to what he could eat and drink. Most important of all, he was barred from all social life in the villages until he had purified himself. This purification ceremony was known as "wiping the axe."

The ceremony itself was quite simple. The unclean warrior stopped the first unarmed woman, not of his immediate family, whom he met and asked her to have sexual intercourse. The woman was duty bound to submit and the act was consummated immediately upon the spot. There was no moral stigma attached to this act and, immediately upon its completion, the warrior was reinstated to full equality among his people. If the woman became pregnant, then the warrior paid a fine

of three cows to her father.

The meeting of the warrior and the woman with whom he "wiped the axe" was supposed to be accidental. However, it was not too difficult for a warrior and his girl-friend to arrange to be in the right place at the right time for their "accidental meeting."

After the destruction of the mighty Ndwandwe nation, Chaka assembled his regiments before him. Opposite them he paraded regiments of maidens. The maiden regiments were composed of unarmed girls and young women and seemed to serve no purpose other than parading, dancing and, perhaps, royal pleasure.

Chaka commanded the warriors for their valor in the late war. Since they had slain many thousands of enemies, there were many "axes to be wiped." As these were soon to be a great victory celebration in which Chaka wanted the entire Zulu nation to participate, the warriors were immediately released from all further duty for two nights and a day while they purified themselves with the young women of the maidens' regiments.

What a great roar of approval went up as the eager warriors broke ranks and raced to nearby huts to deposit their weapons and shackles! Back they pounded, shouting lustily, to seize the waiting maidens in their arms and carry them off to convenient spots. Never before or since in the history of the Zulu nation had there been such an "axe wiping."

After the final Zulu war in 1886, the custom disappeared. Sadly, it is now remembered only in the tales of Zulu greatness which old men tell the young.



LION,
from page 29

begin to pour.

"Would you put one of those in a saucer?"

"In a saucer?"

"He can't get his tongue inside a shot glass."

The bartender lowered the bottle. "Son, I suffer from a rare impairment of the sense of sight. It's a kind of single vision, you might say. Like, if there's two people in front of me, I only see one. So, if you'll point out the location of your friend..."

Mike extended his left fist. Index finger crooked at right angles, and pointed downward.

The barman hoisted himself up on the counter, leaned forward and found himself staring into unblinking yellow eyes just below the level of the bar. After perhaps fifteen seconds, he carefully retreated, shuddered violently, then filled two glasses.

"On the house," he said quietly. "But do me a favor? You and your friend drink up and get the hell out — quick!"

"Why, that's generous!" Mike said amiably. "But how about that

saucer?"

"NO!" Then in an agony of terror as a low growl rumbled up from the other side of the bar, he whispered, "Speed is of the essence. My nerves — I can't hold out much longer!"

Mike obediently hurried his drink, then prised open the lion's jaws and, tilting its head, poured the other shot down its throat.

At the door, Mike paused. "Thanks, again. But with your attitude, it's no wonder your customers walk out."

The bartender slammed and locked the door behind his departing guests. After which, he returned to the bar and methodically drank himself into a stupor.

MIKE AND HIS companion emptied several beers in this fashion. Unfortunately, the attendants vanished along with the patrons and by the time they reached Barney's the two were suffering from a thirst of herculean proportions.

Barney's was a small bar sandwiched between a lavish cocktail lounge and a hotel whose marquee announced dining and dancing and cocktails in the Crystal Room. Evidently, Barney's, overshadowed by its more sophisticated neighbors, was a sapling in a dense forest slowly persisting from a dearth of monetary sunshine. A large gentleman with an Ernie Kovacs mustache stood behind the bar chatting with a lone woman — the only customer. He

evinced no surprise when the oddly assorté pair walked in.

Mike, who was beginning to be troubled by a vague sense of not being wanted, took the stool next to the girl's. The lion settled between them.

"Evening," the bartender said. "What'll you have?"

"Two double bourbons."

Mike experienced a sudden pleasant sensation of warmth when the bartender asked, "Want one of those in a saucer?"

Mike placed the saucer on the floor before swallowing his drink.

"Two more. Or better yet — with no motive other than to reestablish some sort of rapport with humankind — I'd like to buy a drink for everyone present."

"Oh, no." She was about twenty, and her eyes were black and animated, and her short blue-black hair curled charmingly about a small but pretty face. "Thanks, but I don't hold liquor very well. I came in here only to keep Uncle Barney company. I nurse one drink all evening. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all. I don't suffer from that particular brand of silly sensitivity."

She smiled, and Mike decided that this was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Not flamboyantly beautiful like Catherine, she was far more attractive. She gave the impression of inexhaustible vivacity. Without staring directly, but utilizing a practiced peripheral vision, he verified his suspicion that the rest of her was just as appealing, esthetically, as her face.

Quite aware of his admiring inspection, she said, "On second thought, I'd like to join you."

Barney poured drinks all around — one in a saucer.

"What's her name?"

"Buddy, I guess. That's what I've been calling him all evening."

She snatched the beast in a sensationally delicate spot at the base of the skull. Buddy, purring like a perfectly tuned engine, ecstatically rubbed his head against her leg — an operation Mike watched with considerable envy.

"Where did he come from?"

Mike spread his arms. "Beats me. Wherever lions come from Africa — MGM — somewhere. He's a pretty disreputable character. Tipples, you know. Worse, he cadges drinks. I'm Mike Helder."

"I'm Leonie Montrose."

"That's a pretty name. My tressure!"

"Oh? You speak French?"

"A little. I taught myself out of

Alldam



"Oh for God's sake, Alfred, quit moaning!"

Eventually, the zoo attendants drove off with Buddy, the newspapermen left to file their stories, and the policemen returned to their patrol cars.

The sergeant was last to leave. He passed on the threshold, eyed Mike's badge and logo: "Beware the Ides of March, Julius," he said solemnly and closed the door.

ALONE AT LAST, Mike and Leonie looked at each other. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Mike, what will they do with Buddy? They won't put him away, will they?"

Mike drew her into his arms. "Of course not, baby. He's too valuable to be killed just for going AWOL."

She allowed herself to be held and consoled, and after a while she said, "Mike. Those men didn't believe a word. About us, I mean. They think you know."

"I'm sorry, Leonie. If there's anything I can do to make amends..."

Leonie tilted her head to look at him. "You know, it's funny, but somehow it doesn't seem important any more, Mike..." She seemed suddenly, oddly breathless. "Remember what you said? About... me? I mean..."

A dawning burst of enterprise on Mike's part made her gasp.

I wouldn't dream of holding you to it, but...

"Mike!"

I mean, if you—if I—I mean, as long as I'm compensated anyway...

"Oh, Mike!"

ALL DAY IN HIS cage, Buddy sleeps in the sunlight, really ignoring the tough animals who pass through the bars. Nights, like any health-minded man, he runs on the lady lions. He leads, in short, the normal life of any wild animal in captivity. In one respect, however, his way of living differs significantly from that of his fellow zoo-dwellers. Every Sunday he gets roaring drunk on beer—brought by a young couple who have found a way to sneak in after regular hours. While he boozes the gal scratches the base of his skull and the man runs a practised hand along her spine out to the tip of his tail in the most delightful manner so that he really can't help purring like a contented sewing-machine.

Mr. and Mrs. Helder were shamelessly in his weaknesses.

Buddy is, undoubtedly, the only alcoholics lion in captivity. But, with his endless supply of gags, he is by all odds, also the happiest.

SPECIAL



THE EMPIRES OF ADAM MAGAZINE NOW COME UP WITH the most startling new and delightfully provocative idea of the decade. In conjunction with the famous Fax Studios in Hollywood, we're plugging what we think is one of the wildest records yet. It's the ADAM STAG PARTY SPECIAL, and it's the first of a brand new series of ribald and risqué recordings which we'll be offering to you in future issues. This first one features smash belly-laugh comic, Buzz Greene.

Even though this infamous recording is called the ADAM STAG PARTY SPECIAL, it's something you might listen to with your best girl.

"If you know her that well!" Or, you can gaffaw with your wife. "If you know her that well!" Or you can get your belly laughs solo or over a few drinks with the boys.

Of course, the gals may blash, but you'll be roaring with laughter at the machine gun quality of Buzz's ribald humor. Each story, each song is packed with overtures of basic human existence—each punch line sets you to a clatter and leaves you convulsed until the next one lifts you out of your seat again. What a way to spend an evening!

Buzz Greene, long time favorite and top comic in the international burlesque circuit is that show biz nutty, a comic's comic. A GI's comedian, he's traveled as many miles as Bob Hope spreading hilarity among our military outposts. Between gags he's managed to keep his smashing gag success at the famed Colony Club in Gardena, California for the past 11 years. Even Hope hasn't held a single job that long!

There might be a few Victorian like noses who'll be shocked by this record but if you like to laugh, have an appreciation for the sexy and the ribald and the naughty, here's the one record you've been waiting to hear for a long, long time.

For example, Buzz tells the one about the glass eye and he wallops you with his men's room caper. We're still laughing about the policemen in Lovel's Lane, and there's the one—but you get the record and get your own hilarious insight into the facts of life.

at least get ahead of them.

Talking about facts of life, this first rate long playing, two sided sing recording has been Hi Fi'd by FAX and is being offered for \$5.98. We don't know how many have been cut so far, but the indication is that those already cut will be quickly snatched by collectors to wind up in personal erotica libraries. A word to the wise would be "buy now". We've got car copies, the rest is up to you.

We think this is a must in any man's career. It's a special sock erord for those personal party occasions without which what's the use of living?

If not available locally, write to Fax Record Company, Dept AD-6 1018 North Fairfax, Los Angeles 46, California.





LAWYER,
from page 27

pink moon, and remarked:

"Oh, moon, thou art full. But you won't be down but ahead of me."

This penchant for the "ben met," even when directed against himself, enabled English to create himself into the job of District Attorney in 1887. Holding this trying, unpopular post for three terms, English did not always emerge from the rigors of his office, "winner and still champion." Neither did he in private practice.

While defending an Italian charged with murder, English pointed for the jury a worn picture of the man's poor, aged mother in far-off Italy, her heart bleeding for her son who was surely "not a bad boy. Just a trifle emotional."

One of the jurors wept so freely that the judge had to call a recess. "Ah," moaned the irreggeable English, "at the very least I shall get a hung jury."

But when the twelve good men

Alas,



"No, I'm not with the U.S.O., soldier. It's more like Special Services!"

returned, they announced for conviction. Later English learned that the juror who had responded so diametrically to the sad portrait of a decrepit old lady pleading for her son's life was the very one who had whipped the jury into voting conviction.

In his halcyon days, Allen English had the finest home in Tombstone. It was the first house in that sun-drenched city from which guests could view the shootings of the day through plate glass windows.

Along with his fine house, English acquired three wives who unanimously divorced him for his alcoholistic instability. By his first wife, he had two sons. Both boys became Annapolis graduates, one of them accompanying Admiral Richard E. Byrd on his second Antarctic expedition.

By Anne Walsh, his second spouse, daughter of the owner of the Can Can Restaurant, English had another son. His third wife, a New Orleans belle, gave him wealth and another divorce decree.

A prodigal spender, English was always in financial trouble. He made \$30,000 from the Emerald Silver Mine at Tombstone. He acquired \$44,000 more by selling his interest in the Black Diamond copper mine

near Pearce, Arizona. With these princely sums, he traveled to Boston where his family helped him pour the money down devious paths of high living.

Back in Tombstone, he was trying a case before Judge Fred A. Sauter. During the proceedings, Judge Sauter found it necessary to fine English five dollars for contempt.

"Say, Judge," English countered, assuming a confidential air. "I'm broke. Lend me five, will you?" Judge Sauter remitted the fine.

As the years raced forward, the record becomes cloudy—though why it should is somewhat of a mystery since the facts are clear for any careful researcher.

C. L. Sonnichsen, author of *Billy King's Tombstone*, declares that English moved to Bisbee in 1883 at the time the Cochise County court house was transferred from Tombstone. The writer further declares that in Bisbee, while sleeping off a drunk in a vacant lot, the lawyer attracted the notice of a casual observer. That worthy reported him dead. Dutifully, Sonnichsen says, the Tucson and Bisbee papers printed that as fact.

According to Sonnichsen, Allen R. English, outspoken but seldom outtalked, rode off this earthly range at age seventy-seven on November 8, 1937. It must have been his ghost who had, during eleven years, been living on a pension supposedly supplied by the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company to whom English had, in times past, contributed a valuable favor.

Actually, Allen English died on September 13, 1936, as reported by the *Tombstone Epitaph* of September 14. Following services in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Bisbee, the redoubtable lawyer was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery. The late Judge Albert M. Seimes supplied a fitting funeral oration.

Said Judge Seimes, "English was one who was destined by nature for leadership among men and in his chosen profession. He was singularly endowed with a fine physique and with exceptional qualities of mind. The weaknesses and infirmities of later years have not obscured his reputation and achievements in the earlier days of his career—as a lawyer, public man, and citizen."

The fact that historians have added eleven years to the saga of Allen English is a distinct tribute to the force of personality that caused this leaden lawyer to write his name imperishably in the annals of the West.



Adam's tales



SOUNDS LOGICAL

The sages say that the real reason gentlemen prefer blondes is because they get dirty more rapidly.

SURE — WHY NOT?

Elaine swears she's never slept with a man, necked, petted or even been kissed.

Well, wouldn't you swear, too?

Elaine



"Don't let the moonlight fall on you. It causes babies. And that's not just a primitive superstition — the jungle is loaded with men tonight!"



FRUSTRATED?

There was once a hillbilly from the backwoods of Tennessee who visited Memphis for the first time. Since he frequented the saloon at his downtown hotel, he became friendly with a traveling salesman and, one evening, asked the salesman if he couldn't inform him where he could have a really good time.

"Glad to oblige," said the salesman, scribbling an address on a scrap of paper. "You take a cab to this address and ask for Madam. She'll fix you up."

Coming downtown for breakfast the following morning, the salesman saw his hillbilly pal in the hotel dining room and inquired how he made out.

" Didn't," said the countryman. "What went wrong?" the other asked. "Couldn't you find the address I gave you?"

"Oh," replied the hillbilly, "I found it okay. But I had to spend the whole night on the front steps."

"How come?" asked the astonished salesman.

"Nuthin' else to do," replied the hick. "The red light didn't change all night."

ALL RIGHT — WHAT?

After a long evening of defensive warfare in a Porsche parked on Hollywood's Mulholland Drive, Mary finally got her lips clear to protest to her amorous date, "Don't you know what good clean fun is?"

"No," said the swain, "what fun is it?"

SHARPSHOOTING

The Indian maiden is no more,

The big buck didn't spouse her
How's the maiden, now a widow,
Has fun with bows and arrows?

NOCTURNAL ENCOUNTER

I sneaked upstairs, with shoes in hand,
Just as the night took wing,
And saw my wife, four steps ahead,
Doing the same damn thing!

HOT CASSEROLE

Minister: Myrtle, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?

Myrtle: Well, ma'm, I was doing my very best!



STAMPED!

It was hot, and the Rural Free Delivery postman yielded to temptation when he passed the old swimming hole, parked his car, stripped by the pondside and dived in for a cooling dip. However, the water was so refreshing that he stayed in longer than he had planned and, when he did emerge all of his clothing had been stolen except for his undershirt cap.

As he was trying to figure a way out of the dilemma, he heard feminine voices approaching. Picking up the grey cap, he clapped it over his private parts just in the nick of time. Two spinsters ladies came swolling round the bend and both tittered loudly at his embarrassment as they strolled by.

"If you were ladies," cried the outraged postman, "you wouldn't laugh."

"And if you were a gentleman," reported one of the old maids, "you'd tip your hat!"



REAL CRAZY, MAN!

A wildly dissipated playboy got word from his physician that he was going to have to straighten out or drop dead. So, the first week, he dropped cigarettes, the second week he swore off liquor, the third week he cut out women. The fourth week he began to cut out paper dolls!

THEY'RE SO RIGHT!

Fido and Towner ran into each other at a busy intersection in Chicago's Loop. Fido said, "What are you doing downtown?"

"I'm sweating my date," replied Towner.

"That's odd," remarked Fido. "I'm in the same boat." Thinking to pass the time, he added, "What does your date look like, old dog?"

"Oh," replied Towner, "she's an adorable little poodle, with cinnamon curls and the cutest little pompon on the tip of her tail!"

"Hrmph," said Fido. "And does she have a slight limp in her left hind leg?"

"That's right."

"And does she squint her right eye?"

"How did you know?" Towner asked.

"Because she's the same pup I'm waiting for, old dog."

"Holy smokes!" cried an outraged Towner. "Aren't bitches women?"

YOU-HOO!

I have a husband who is rich,
He adds much to my life,
He buys me everything I want—
But please don't tell his wife!



DIRTY CHESS!

After the divorce evidence was all in, the Judge said to the foul defendant, "My dear young lady, it certainly looks to me as if you've deceived your husband."

"I deceived him!" cried the outraged wife. "He deceived me! How can you trust a man who tells you he's leaving town for the weekend when he never even goes?"



"You're the lucky winner of the Queen for a Nite Contest!"



THE BIRD,
From page 5

shame between them, knew it was not the time for killing. Not then.

A long time ago, Sink said to himself and sighed. Then he smiled at the sound I'm getting like Soph, he thought. He eased the car into gear and pulled away from the curb. The drive wouldn't be a long one but he wanted to make it last. Ever since the desk had awakened him in the afternoon with the brief message, "Bring in Yankowski," he had wanted time to think.

Automatically, he had asked, "you got a summons or you just want him for questioning?"

"Summons," the Lieutenant had said. "Assault, criminal. I think we can get him on rape, too and maybe conspiracy. Depends on the witnesses. You know broads. They'll give you an affidavit when they're made and then they'll clean up in court. Anyway, I think we get enough on that buster to set him back five years. Get him, Sink."

It should have been a good feeling but it wasn't. Johnny Yank, small-time hoodlum just edging in to big-time Extremist, thug, procurer on a state-wide scale. It should have been a good feeling to bust a guy like that. But at the moment Sink felt like he had a stomach full of bad sausage.

It wasn't Sophy's cooking. It was hate that gripped his bowel. Not just the dull loathing that had accumulated over the years, interest on the loan of shame he had borrowed from Yankowski years ago. It wasn't the guilt he still felt every time a drunken or hopped-up prostitute got booked and told them she worked for Johnny Yank. Nor was it the anger that rose in him when he passed Johnny's house in the suburbs and saw Johnny's slim, dark-haired wife, Alice, sitting home alone, night after night, pretending that the world was good for her kids.

It was something else that twisted in his tripes. It was wanting to know if it was true, as the Lieutenant had said, that Johnny Yank had made Wanda Markowa—his girl, Wanda—a whore!

In his mind he heard the voice of the Lieutenant telling him how the case had broken: one of Johnny's new girls, prompted by the oldest

motive in the world—sheer female jealousy—told her story at headquarters because Johnny had kicked her out to work and had installed Wanda in his shack.

Was it possible, Sink asked himself. First the mother for—how long?—maybe two years, while Wanda was a kid in convent school. Then the mother slashed her wrists one morning and Wanda came home to take care of her old man for a while. It was said that she got to talk to her mother for a little bit before she died. Nobody knew why Wanda's mother killed herself. Nobody but Sink and Johnny and a dozen other boys. And maybe, he added to himself, Wanda. Again he wondered, was it possible? Could it be true? Was there something in the Markowa women—what had Sophy called it, a snake?—something that Johnny saw, that Johnny knew how to find? Was it there in every woman, in every man? He shuddered.

He hadn't seen much of Wanda as a young girl. Her old man sent her back to the convent school and then she went away to college. When she came back she was a beautiful young woman, cool, fragile, sensitive. She moved like a

running deer. Sink began to go with her and soon it was clear to everyone that they would become man and wife.

He shifted the handle of the pistol which was digging into his gut. That pistol, he remembered, he kept in the same drawer which contained the plain, honest little rock he had planned to put on Wanda's finger. How was it possible, he asked himself. Surely, there must be some mistake.

Still . . . Wanda, always caught up in her job as a city welfare worker . . . lately she had been working doubly hard. No, she couldn't see him that night. No, not the next. Would he please try to understand? She was tired, terribly tired. So much to do . . . please understand . . .

A growl rose in Sink's throat for the second time that night but it emerged as a roar.

He was almost there. He parked his car and looked along the street for the uniform man on the beat. That would be Fallon, a good man but—he made his decision.

He would do this alone. It was against regulations to make an arrest without notifying the patrolman but he didn't want anybody else around. Johnny might not be alone.

Alma



"Why do you hate me so much, Brown, when your wife likes me so much?"

there might be some of his jujube frags around. Good, Birk told himself. Let Johnny try to run away, he told himself. Let him just once give it a try. He said it almost as a prayer.

The doorman of the riverfront apartment building looked at him with interest as he lumbered into the air-conditioned foyer. Then he dropped his eyes back to his murder mystery as he caught the look on Birk's face. It took him a long time to get back to the book.

By the time he did, Sink was standing in front of Johnny's door. Yankowski opened the door himself, wearing an expensive maroon dressing gown of a kind popular in garter movies twenty years ago. Rising as quickly as he had, in the underworld, Johnny hadn't yet had time to acquire taste.

"Well, if it ain't the house dick. Sink, buddy, come on in. Have a beer."

"Stop it," Sink said. His voice was almost a whisper. "I'm taking you in." He saw Johnny's face twist and his hand moved uncertainly toward the pocket of his dressing gown.

"Put the hand up, I kill you," Sink said.

"What the hell is this?" Johnny began. And then he made a mistake. His hand dived for the bundle of cash in his pocket. But the fingers never quite made it.

Moving with incredible speed for all his bulk, Sink raised his ponderous right hand, fingers stiffened into a blade, and brought it crashing, scimitar-like into the curve between Johnny's neck and shoulder. The thin man folded in quick pain like a rumpled paper cup.

Pushing him aside, Sink entered the glistening apartment. It was huge, brightly lighted and there was a smell of smoke and whiskey in the air. Two pony-faced hoods lounged in easy chairs at the far end of the room, their eyes glued to a slim girl gracefully shamming refrigerator doors on a television set. Hearing footsteps over the patter, one of them spoke:

"What gets to go next, Johnny? I'm losing track."

Sink stepped between them and shut all the set.

"Hey! What the —?"

"Get out," Sink said.

One of the hoods, a feisty little man, started out of his chair fast but when he started to rise he found his feet against Sink's chest.

"I SAID GET OUT!" Sink roared.

The hoods backed away from Sink

and started for the door. As they did so, a man stepped into a corridor that led from the living room to one of the bedrooms. He was undressed except for his shorts.

"Hey," he called, "what's all the racket?" Then he stopped. His gaze took in the retreating hoods, stepping awkwardly over Johnny's body still crumpled on the floor. Then he saw Sink bearing down on him like a stalk of rye. He started to retreat to the bedroom.

"Don't move, dirt," Sink said. "Come out here and get with these other two."

"But what —?"

"It's a punch. Go. I said it. Go."

"But I ain't even get my clo's on for chrisakes —."

Sink grabbed him by the arm and threw him into the living room. "Get out," he ordered, wagging his great cigar-like finger at them as if they were school boys. "Get out All."

He waited for the door to slam. Then he looked at Johnny just starting to stir on the floor and prodded him thoughtfully with the toe of his shoe. There was little response. He walked to the bedroom.

It wasn't so much a bedroom as it was an atelier, a workshop for Johnny's peculiarly nasty kind of work. There was a soft rug on the floor and mirrors running clear around the walls. Even the windows had mirrors over them on hinges so they could be opened. There were mirrors on the ceiling and against one wall was a movie projector aimed at a screen just beside the door. A whip lay on a chair.

When Sink stepped into the room the girl who lay naked on the bed didn't see him. The sheet was drawn up like a scarf between her bare legs and it passed between her small, pointed breasts. She chewed numbly on a corner of the sheet, her eyes fixed on the movie flickering on the wall.

Reflected on the mirrors behind her, Sink could see the inverted version on the screen. It consisted of a young woman exacting incredible obedience from a large, smooth-haired dog.

Sink walked across the room and casually knocked the projector off its table. Then he flicked the lights up.

There was a wail from the bed. "Why'd you go and turn that off —?" She stopped.

"Wanda," Sink said.

"Oh, my God," she breathed. She started to sit up and then realized — turn to page 68

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THE BIRD, from page 59

that she was naked. She clawed at the sheet to cover herself. "Oh, my God," she repeated. I didn't want this to happen. Believe me, Sink, I swear to God, I never thought this would happen. I didn't want — I — I" She began to laugh hysterically.

Sink shook her hard. She covered her face with her hands, her elbows keeping the sheet tightly against her body and began to cry.

"Wanda tell me about this," Sink said. "You get to tell me. How long has this been going on? What happened to you? What did he do to you?"

She continued to sob convulsively, rocking back and forth on her knees. Sink pried her hands loose from her face and he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Wanda," he said softly, "you've got to tell me. You don't want I should take you in."

"Yes," she cried. "Yes, yes, yes. Take me in. Please, Sink. Take me. Shoot me, do anything." She got hysterical again.

He waited for her to subside. When she appeared calmer he spoke to her. "Wanda there are doctors, you know — for when you are in trouble. Nobody has to know about this. You can get fixed up, it's no shame to be psycho —"

"Psycho!" she screamed and then started to laugh again. "Psycho!" That's the funniest thing I ever heard. Would you call my mother psycho for what she did? Do you think I don't know all about that? You think she didn't tell me about that before she died, all the names, all the details —?"

"Wanda, for God's sake, I've been trying all this time to make up —"

"Make up," she said screechingly. "You mean you wanted to marry me because you were ashamed? That's why!"

"Wanda, listen to me," Sink said. "Maybe in a way it was my fault your mother died, but not all my fault. But all the same I love you —"

"Love me!" she shouted. "Now I'm gonna tell you something. Mr. Policeman Benskeewee, you want to know why my mother killed herself? Not because she was ashamed. But because Johnny Yank wouldn't come to her any more. Because he threatened to tell my father if she kept on pestering him. And I'll tell you something else I wanted to find out if I was like my mother so I let him take me out. A couple months ago I let him do what he wanted with me. And now I don't want him to stop. He found something inside of me I never knew was

there. He found an animal, he beat me like an animal, he made me —"

"Wanda! God forgive you, you don't know what you're saying."

"The hell I don't! You think I want to marry you? You think I want to live in a little wooden house and mother your children and all the time I'd have to forget — forget about my mother, forget what's inside of me, forget about what Johnny knows how to do —" She was standing up now, naked on the bed, her pale blonde hair streaming down over her face. Her thighs with their bruises and welts swayed before Sink's eyes. He reached out a hand to touch her and she shranked.

"That's it. Touch me! Harder, harder, be a man! Here, I'll show you how!" She grasped his great man hand and pressed it against her body.

"Wanda, for God's sake, not like this!" Sink began. And then he heard Johnny's voice.

"Wanda, get away from him." Sink didn't turn around. He could see in the mirror that Johnny stood in the doorway. His face was twisted in pain. He held a revolver in his hand with the other hand around his wrist to steady it. The gun was pointed at Sink's back.

"Don't turn around, Sink," he said. "Wanda, get away from him."

The girl stood still, looking at Johnny. Her eyes were dull. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to kill him," Johnny said. "That's what you want isn't it? It isn't Wanda? Wanda!" His voice rasped. "Are you my girl?"

"Yes," she said.

"All right. Now get out of the way. Didn't you say you wished he were dead? Didn't you say that as long as he lives you're going to feel ashamed?"

She nodded her head.

"Now I'm gonna take your shame away. From now on it's gonna be all right. Do you understand? Me and you from now on? Ok?"

Johnny took a step forward and raised his gun. As he did so, Sink flung himself off the bed, reaching for his revolver as he hit the floor.

But he was awkward with it and as he tried to pull it from his holster, Johnny stepped around the corner of the bed and fired.

There was a terrible wet slap of torn flesh and Wanda fell across the edge of the bed.

Sink crab-rolled quickly and hooked his toe around Johnny's ankle, bringing the slim man to the ground.

Before Johnny could raise his pistol for another shot, Sink brought

the hard edge of his hand crashing down on the bridge of Johnny's nose. It was a killer blow and he meant to kill. He could feel the thin bones crush beneath his hand, could feel the edge of the sephora driving like a knife blade into Johnny's brain.

Then he looked up and saw that the whole side of Wanda's face had been blown away.

WHAT WITH ONE THING AND ANOTHER, IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE SINK GOT DONE. HE HAD TO WAIT FOR THE AMBULANCE AND THEN MAKE A REPORT SEE THE CORONER. HE HAD TO INVENTORY JOHNNY'S APARTMENT FOR THE RECORDS AND WHEN THE WHOLE BUSINESS WAS DONE, WROTE THE ENTRY FOR THE BLOTTER IN STOLID UN-EMOTIONAL DEPARTMENT. FINALLY, AT ABOUT FIVE IN THE MORNING, HE LAY DOWN ON A COT IN THE SQUAD ROOM AND WENT TO SLEEP.

AT EIGHT HE ROSE AND WENT OVER TO JOHNNY'S HOUSE. HE WAITED OUTSIDE THE HOUSE FOR A FEW MINUTES UNTIL HE SAW JOHNNY'S WIFE, ALICE, SHOO THE KIDS OFF TO SCHOOL. THEN HE RANG THE BELL.

HE KNEW WHO HE WAS THE MOMENT SHE OPENED THE DOOR. AND SHE KNEW WHY. SHE TOOK IT GOOD, SINK THOUGHT. CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT SHE HAD BEEN LIVING IN A NIGHTMARE AND THE NIGHTMARE WAS NOW OVER, SHE TOOK IT VERY GOOD.

AN HOUR LATER HE CALLED HIS MOTHER.

"Boph," he said, "I'll be home in a little while."

"Where are you, by Alice Yankowski?"

"Yeah. How'd you—?"

"They got it on the radio. Listen, Jerry, I didn't want to sell you about Wanda but I knew it for several weeks. From the vegetable man I heard it. You know, he's got that Krausk kid who delivers for him—"

"Yeah, Boph, forget it. It could happen to anybody."

"It like I said," Boph went on. "In everybody is like that, a bird and snake. So you shouldn't be too ashamed. You shouldn't punish yourself too long."

Sink gasped. Did she know everything? Had she always known? "Well," he said laconically, "I—I'll be home in a little while."

"Don't hurry. Alice—I knew her mama is good woman. Alice Good Polish woman. She was too strong for him. He couldn't run her. Does she give you coffee?"

Sink smiled at the telephone and then at Alice who smiled nervously in return.

"Yeah, Boph, I'm drinking coffee with her now."

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Minsky Models and Near-Nudes
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Las Vegas' Dunes Hotel a

DESERT HOT SPOT

DESPITE THE VAUNTED air-conditioning of its fabulous Strip hotels, Las Vegas in the summer time is as hot as a suburb of Hades—with the temperatures out-of-doors rising to as high as 115° Fahrenheit at noon and seldom dropping much below 100° at midnight. Yet, seemingly snug and cool in their ultra-modern caravans, impressionists have no hesitation in putting on shows guaranteed to raise the blood-temperature of their average customer to a boil revealing that of the temperature beyond the doors. And Harold Minsky, who puts on the shows for the Dunes Hotel has currently produced the hottest spectacular on the hotel stage ever seen, even in the home of the hottest shows on earth.



The spectacular dance-Team of Vourey & Latoro Caverts and Showgirls.



Backstage view of models and chorines cavorting in first-act finale



The showgirls seldom undress in their dressing room.
After all, how much more can they take off?



In his Arabian Nights Extravaganza, Harold Minsky has Produced America's most Daring Revue



A Bunch of bare-breasted models clutched for show's finishing number.

This show, which is built around the Arabian Nights legends, finds the scion of the famous burlesque-producing family outreaching his own reputation as an entrepreneur of sweet yet sexy revues. The ladies, called "models" for the sake of the show's labor-relations status, are lovelier than ever, and larger where it counts the most.

The strippers, like Joanne Lewis (right), are exotic and ample of charm as well as talent, the comedians fast and blue with their jokes. But the act that draws the biggest gasps from a sophisticated nightily audience, already blase through exposure to bare bosoms across the footlights, is the near-nude adagio team of Alan Conroy and Maria Lanaro. Their daring and rhythmic acrobatics, coupled with Miss Lanaro's fantastic figure and Conroy's muscular virility as he makes her "fly through the air with the greatest of ease" leave the customers limp.

Although the old Minsky burlesque shows in New York and Union City and elsewhere were cheaply put together, generally tawdry shows that depended upon the strip-star appeal of Gypsy Rose Lee and others, since coming to the Dunes and Vegas some years ago, Harold Minsky has shed the family spot. Given the time, money and resources to produce the sort of show he really likes to put on, he has managed to rival the famed Broadway extravaganzas of the late Earl Carroll, who was famed throughout the 1920's for the taste, beauty, expense and glamour of his revues.

But Harold still believes in keeping his shows hot. In the intensely competitive atmosphere of the world's gambling-capital, he has to go his rivals one or two better or go out of business. To date, thanks to the steaks his performers generate, business at the Dunes has been fine!



Not in Vegas? Near-nude Joanne Lewis cools comedy curves in vintage fashions.

Letters to Adam

THE OLD EVE

I read in your column in the back of *ANAM* about Owene Robb's desire to see some magazines about "Eve". I have some old issues of "Eve" and the other magazines I believe Mrs. Robb will be interested in. I would be glad to hear from her on this matter. My husband and I buy *ANAM* and enjoy it very much.

Mrs. Hannah Johnson
Santee, Cal.

MARY, MARY . . .

My name is Mary Nestitt, and I would like very much to be a model.


I am 22 years old, a brunette all the way, stand five feet four inches without high heels and measure 35-23-35. I hope your readers and you, dear Lethar, will agree that I have a chance, because it means so very much to me.

Mary Nestitt
Tallahassee, Fla.

Adam, via Lethar A., does agree and hopes you make a million, one way or another.

ON A LIMB

Well over a year ago (vol 1, no 9) you ran a number of letters to the editor requesting that you run pictures of nude men. Your answer to one of these was, "Don't worry, girls. Old *ANAM* has no intention of letting you down." What happened? We're still waiting. I thought by my letter I'd rekindle the fire. My husband and many others in the neighborhood read *ANAM*, and I know that us wives are in back of the drive for pictures of male bodies in your magazine. We'd like to be able to see men in other poses than the ones we see in health magazines. We want something that will give our imaginations a chance to work, and we think *ANAM* is the answer. Why let the men have all the enjoyment? Let us in on the fun.

Mrs. T. C.
Providence, R. I.

Somehow, girls look so much more attractive, but didn't you see our last issue?



SLAM!

Quick critique on Vol 3, No 3 Page 7, full page photo of Brigitte Bardot is **TERrible** — the photographic reproduction, I mean. The same situation with ppn. 24-25, your *ANAM*'s Eve (Freddi Robbina). This overshadowing and "white-shading" of the photos may be discreet on your part, but it continues to let down a lot of your readers. The photos of Diane Craig, ppn. 42-43 are unimaginative, unrevealing and completely underdone. The "kick" and "excitement" of your stories are no more. They ended with the Vol 1. series, and now you're hanging on — just hanging on, believe me!

Fletcher Lane
Washington, D.C.

Q And, mow, are those old fingers sore?

KEN TO OPE

In vol 3, no 7, you listed a Mrs. Opal W. Davis of Ferndale, Arkansas, who has a collection of past issues of *ANAM* she wants to sell. I would like very much to get in touch with her. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Kenneth F. Walker
Graham, N. C.

AT ANY NEWSSTAND

Would you please let me know if I could purchase a single issue of your magazine?

Joseph Anthony Pascarella
Hinden, Conn.

Q Please do!

SORRY, BUT . . .

I will appreciate it if you will forward to me the address of Bonnie Logan (*ANAM*, vol 2, no 12). Should you be unable to do so, please advise me how this could be obtained.

B. A. Vilsegh
1st Lt, Inf
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Q Sorry, Sir, but *ANAM* does not give out addresses.



Next issue, an exclusive
pictureview
with voluptuous starlet
Sandra Edwards

ADAM in words

- *The truth about intersteller sex* see page 12
- *Radioactive monsters on a kill-crazed rampage* see page 14
- *Sex happy love's hilarious bedroom binges* see page 37
- *Strange evil and twisted beauty struggled for his life* see page 4
- *Death hovers on the turn of a card* see page 40

ADAM in pictures

- *Revealing coverage of the world's greatest brariere designer* see page 20
- *Peri Lynn Haywood shows the best way to keep in shape* see page 28
- *New thong makes desert hot spot a steaming oasis* see page 62
- *Intimate picturerview of our voluptuous cover girl* see page 7

Carnaceous Jackie Hilton runs a dog's life in Hollywood
see page 49

